The Nation

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Summary of the News

Interest in the war has been partially eclipsed during the past week by horrors nearer home. On January 10 sixteen Americans were taken by Mexican bandits from a Mexico-Northwestern train some fifty miles west of Chihuahua City, robbed and stripped of their clothing, and shot out of hand. There seems to be but little doubt that the murderers were followers of Villa, or that the crime was committed in accordance with a policy proclaimed by Villa himself. The line of railway is in territory announced as under control of Carranza's forces, and a statement given out by the State Department on Monday indicated that the Americans, before starting on their journey, had received assurances of their safety from Carranza and had been provided with a general safe conduct.

Secretary Lansing on January 12 sent a dispatch to John R. Silliman, American Consul at Queretaro, directing him to request General Carranza to undertake the immediate pursuit and punishment of the murderers. At the same time Secretary Lansing issued two statements to the American public: the one recalling the fact that the State Department had warned American citizens against staying in Mexico and explaning that "the Department feels that it took every possible precaution to prevent Americans from exposing their lives in a region where guerrilla warfare is in progress"; the other emphasizing the distinction between warning Americans from Mexico and warning them off the high seas, as recently advocated by Senator O'Gorman and his kind. On January 13 Secretary Lansing issued another statement reiterating the warning to Americans "to keep out of all sections of Mexico where lawless conditions still exist."

Public excitement over the Mexican butchery was reflected in resolutions introduced on January 13 in both House and Senate calling for armed intervention in Mexico. That no action of the kind is at present contemplated by the Administration was made plain in a statement issued from the White House on January 14, after a meeting of the Cabinet and the receipt of a dispatch from Carranza to Amabssador-Designate Arredondo, promising energetic pursuit of the criminals. This dispatch was followed up on January 16 by the official reply of the Mexican de facto Government to the demands of the United States, in which, through Consul Silliman, Carranza gave further assurances that energetic measures had been adopted. In response to demands made in the Senate for complete information in regard to the Mexican crisis it was expected that the Administration would lay a full statement in regard to the situation before the Senate yesterday.

On Monday came the not unexpected news that negotiations for peace had been opened by Montenegro. With the capture of Mt. Lovcen, which took place early last week, the Austrian forces, overwhelmingly superior, were practically in command of the small kingdom. The occupation of the capital, Cettinje, was announced on January 14. Count Tisza informed the Hungarian Parliament of the surrender on Monday. It is to be noted that Montenegro did not join with the other Allies in the agreement to conclude no separate peace.

Apart from the surrender of Montenegro, the news of most importance from the Balkan area is that of the French occupation of Corfu, which was announced on January 10. The island, it is stated, is to be made the base for a portion of the Servian army, but the primary reason for the occupation is no doubt that Corfu has apparently served as headquarters for Teutonic espionage in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and has afforded bases for German and Austrian submarines. A protest against the French occupation has been lodged by the Austrian Government with Ambassador Penfield. Dispatches from Berlin on Tuesday stated that the Allies had landed troops at Phaleron, five miles southwest of Athens.

In Mesopotamia the force under General Aylmer, going to the relief of the British at Kut-el-Amara, has met with substantial successes. As a result of a series of attacks by the relieving forces from January 8 to January 15, the Turks, it was announced in the House of Commons on Monday, have fallen back to within six miles of Kut-el-Amara.

There is probably little doubt that we may accept as authoritative reports that England will shortly abandon the blockade under the Orders in Council, and will declare a regular blockade, with a view to preventing all import or export to or from the Central Empires. Press criticism of the Foreign Office on the score of over-tenderness to neutrals and of preventing the navy from exercising its full power has become increasingly insistent. In Washington, according to recent dispatches, the view is expressed that reimports into Germany will be cut off by a rigid application of the doctrine of "ultimate destination."

The Italian liner Giuseppe Verdi was finally permitted to clear from New York with her two guns still mounted aft, assurances having been given by the Italian Government that the guns should be used only in self-defence, and that they should not be used to attack a submarine while being warned. Dispatches from Washington on Monday stated that it was the intention of the Austro-Hungarian Government to take up with the State Department questions involved in permitting merchant ships armed for defence to leave American ports.

Until the original documents, or photographs of them, reach this country, comment can only be reserved on the information, disclosed in dispatches from London of January 14, that among the documents taken from Capt. von Papen by the British authorities are some of an extremely incriminating nature. The most serious charge made is one connecting the ex-Military Attaché to the German Embassy with the attempt of the man Werner Horn to dynamite the St. Croix Bridge.

Echoes only of the submarine controversy have been heard. Of the Lusitania there has been no further news, except that dispatches from Berlin of January 16 stated that the Foreign Office regarded any announcement of a final settlement of the case as "slightly premature." Dispatches from Vienna on Tuesday summarized a denial which has been issued by the Austrian Government of statements that the lifeboats of the Ancona were shelled. During the week news has come of the sinking of only two ships, both of them British. Further details of the sinking of the British steamship Clan MacFarlane in the Mediterranean, on December 30, have come to hand. According to statements by survivors, the vessel was torpedoed without warning in a rough sea. The survivors were eight days in the lifeboats, struggling against heavy seas. Fifty members of the crew are still missing, and have been given up for lost.

The Cabinet crisis in England over conscription has taken the course that English governmental crises often do. After a period of violent excitement, opposition to the proposed measure has dwindled to inconsiderable proportions. The second reading of the bill was passed in the House of Commons on January 12 without division, after the defeat of a motion to reject the bill by a vote of 431 to 39. At the close of the debate Arthur Henderson, President of the Board of Education, announced the withdrawal of the resignations of himself and his labor colleagues from the Government. Mr. Asquith has given assurances to labor that the bill will not be used as a step towards general conscription or industrial conscription. On Monday, in committee, an amendment to include Ireland in the scope of the bill was rejected without division.

Further evidence of dissension among the German Socialists was provided by a wireless dispatch to Sayville of January 13, which stated that by a vote of 60 to 25 the Socialist caucus had expelled from membership in the Socialist party Dr. Karl Liebknecht, "for continuous gross infractions of party discipline." In the Reichstag the matter of the censorship has come up for debate, and in the Prussian Diet, which opened on January 13, the question of the franchise.

General Huerta, ex-Provisional President of Mexico, died at his home at El Paso, Texas, on January 13.

On Saturday of last week an explosion in the United States navy submarine E-2, lying at drydock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, caused the death of four men and the injury of ten. Secretary Daniels has appointed a naval court of inquiry, which met yesterday, to make a full investigation into the cause of the explosion.

An unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Count Okuma, Premier of Japan, was made on January 12. A bomb was thrown at the Premier as he was driving in his automobile, but he was uninjured.

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The Week

If there had been any doubt of the President's firm resolve not to be stampeded into intervention in Mexico by the murderous act of a band of outlaws, that doubt would have been removed by Senator Stone's speech on Friday. Moreover, every day that has passed since the outrage has had the effect not of increasing—as might have been feared—but of markedly allaying the excitement produced by the crime. The swift sequel that came in the shape of the capture and execution of two Villa chieftains was of itself calculated to emphasize the fact that what we are confronted with is not a national offence which calls for war, but a condition of local terrorism which calls for the hunting down of the ruffian crew that are carrying it on. To this task Carranza has pledged himself in the strongest possible way. "The murderous attack on the passenger train near Chihuahua," he has telegraphed to the Mexican Ambassador at Washington, "was made by the only remaining band of outlaws in that region. This band is being pursued by my troops, with a view to insure its capture; whereupon condign punishment, which their crime deserves, will be applied to every guilty participant." There is no reason to doubt his sincerity; and as it is quite certain, on the other hand, that intervention by us would be the best possible means of indefinitely postponing the suppression of outlawry in Mexico, we may be sure that the sober sentiment of the country will stand behind the President in his refusal to countenance such a folly.

If President Wilson had been in search of a method of making a surrender to Tammany which would attract universal and startled attention, he could hardly have found one better calculated for the purpose than that which he has taken in selecting Joseph Johnson to be Postmaster of New York. The hope that had been entertained by those who believed him capable of rising to his full duty to the cause of sound government had, indeed, long been abandoned; clear and vital as were the reasons for retaining Postmaster Morgan, people had ceased to look for that. But the thought of what ought to have been done, the thought of what a man like Cleveland would have done in Wilson's place, will serve to intensify tenfold the indignation and sorrow which will be aroused by what has actually been done. By a single stroke the President has struck a grievous blow at the cause of sound administrative principles, has flown in the face of his own conspicuous professions of hostility to Tammany, and has deeply offended every man in New York, and throughout the country, who approves of city government by men like Mitchel and not by men like Murphy. Nor does this measure the full effect of what he has done. The shattering of confidence in Mr. Wilson's sincerity which will be caused by this act cannot be limited to the particular field which is concerned in it. There are no water-tight compartments in character. Here is an act of sheer disloyalty—a betrayal of convictions not only solemnly professed, but so fundamental as to be taken for granted in a man like Wilson. But what can be taken for granted about him after this?

The extracts published from Capt. von Papen's captured correspondence do not prove the worst of the allegations set forth in the newspaper headlines. They do not conclusively establish his connection with either the blowing up of the bridge at St. Croix, Me., or the explosion at Seattle. Nevertheless, they strongly tend to confirm the impression made by previous discoveries. And, like Dr. Albert, if he was not entangled with persons who were breathing out threatenings and slaughters against us, he made the mistake of keeping their letters, in some of which at least there is an unmistakably intimate tone. The new revelations will hardly arouse apprehension among us, but they must deepen the feeling of suspicion already stirred by numerous incidents and give color to any future ones of the same sort. The lesson of such occurrences and their result should now be plain even to those who were involved in them. However shrewd they appeared in the planning, they are obviously futile in the realization. Not by such methods are the interests of the Teutonic Powers to be advanced in this country.

Montenegro's surrender has little military importance. It is not likely that King Nicholas at any time had more than 20,000 men in the field. But as a defection from the cause of the Allies it is bound to have a certain moral value for the other side. If the Teutonic press should proclaim this the beginning of the end of the Entente, it would not be true, but wilder things have been said by partisans in the course of the war. It is unquestionably a puzzle why the Montenegrin ruler should have sued for peace. Like Albert of Belgium and Peter of Servia, he could have found refuge abroad. His people might have submitted *de facto* without going through a formal surrender. As it is, the country will have to submit to an Austrian occupation. Nothing would have been more natural than for King Nicholas to cross into Italy, whose King is his son-in-law, and there abide the outcome of the general conflict. It may be this very personal relationship, on the other hand, that has brought about the present situation. Personal resentment at Italy's failure to render assistance to an ally and a kinsman may be the explanation.

Reports that Great Britain is to take steps to regularize her blockade of Germany come from so many sources that there is probably a basis of truth in them. That would be a way of replying to the American note of protest. What our Government challenged was, in effect, the attempt to do by Orders in Council what could not be done under the general rules of international law. And if England is now to bring her blockade within the definitions of the law of nations, the controversy will be eased. It does not help matters, however, to read what some of the English newspapers are saying, along with some English public men, like Thomas Gibson Bowles. They are crying out against their Foreign Office for having so long stood in the way of the Admiralty. If the naval authorities had received a free hand, so they say, Germany would long ago have been taken much more roughly by the throat. They do not perceive, apparently, that this is to go over to the original German position. Admiral von Tirpitz had *his* free hand for some months, and we know what a mess he made of it. The German Foreign Office had to overrule him and keep him in order, else he would have embroiled his country with the United States. Englishmen had better be satisfied to have their Foreign Office retain control, last as well as first: for this simply means that the Admiralty will be permitted to do only what it has a right to do under international law.

"American citizens should not be permitted to travel on belligerent ships," says William J. Bryan, in an editorial printed at Lincoln, calling upon Congress to forbid it by law. In a statement issued at Washington on May 13, 1915, this same William J. Bryan said:

> American citizens act within their indisputable rights . . . in travelling wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas, and exercise those rights in the confidence that their lives will not be endangered

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. . . and certainly in the confidence that their own Government will sustain them in the exercise of their rights.

The statement of May 13, 1915, was not a vague or general one, of which the application could be in any degree doubtful; it was the note sent by the Secretary of State to Ambassador Gerard, relating to "the torpedoing and sinking of the British steamship Lusitania," one of those "belligerent ships" upon which Mr. Bryan now declares that American citizens "should not be permitted to travel." Has there ever before been a case in which a man who has held high place in the Government of the United States has proclaimed a desire that American citizens should, by an act of their own Government, be deprived of "their indisputable rights"? Is it possible that a man who is capable of thus flouting his own solemn assertion of such rights can retain the respect of any considerable proportion of his countrymen? From the disgraceful position in which he thereby places himself there is no escape except into one that is even more disgraceful. He can avoid the charge of backsliding only by the confession that when he signed an official declaration of the most solemn and most critical character he intended that it should be understood as not meaning what it said, and privately took steps to insure that the foreign Power to which it was directed should so understand it.

A classification of those who "rejoice in war" has been made by Professor Jaszi, of the University of Budapest. It is lifted from the fantastic by the thoroughness of the data on which he founds it. His list comprehends eighteen types. He mentions, only to condemn, those who believe the war born of the infernal malignity of an enemy who has attacked a peaceful and unprepared neighbor in the lust of power and glory. He has a word, again, for speculators and commercial adventurers, to whom war's confusion opens dreams of vast *coups*, and for officers and aristocratic leaders to whom war gives new hope of "arriving." There are included also bureaucrats who foresee that in war they will become vastly more important, that life and death, with all that this means to their dignity, will hang upon their words. But for a statement of observed fact we must pass to his paragraphs upon the victims of over-population and a harsh industrial and agrarian system.

Professor Jaszi vouches for the fact that in his own great Hungarian plain the overburdened class is so large that the war was received by many with a quickening of hope. An intelligent peasant explained the eager response upon the ground that "the old state of things, in truth, could no longer be supported. The difficulties of life were constantly greater, the taxes heavier, the abuses of the administrators and landed proprietors more and more nearly insupportable. There were so many of the poor that the employers of labor could impose on them their own conditions. Men began to lose faith in God. . . . After the war we shall be fewer, and there will be more work at better pay. Campaigning is no more fatiguing than the harvest, and now we have wine and better food." Another large class is burdened with routine and weary of a stagnant existence. Many in all European countries "pass their lives in a gray round of labor and resting from labor, their pipe and glass and low pleasures ineffectual devices for dispelling their *ennui*." Many respond to the excitement of war, not because they love an intense life, but because they have been ignorant of the distractions and interests of those in contact with art, science, literature, and so on. The problem is one of education, not of keeping pent up an ineradicable impulse to regard war as the natural agency for giving a "grand epoch" to life. Other classes enumerated are men eager for the freedom of a primitive life, idealists, nihilists, and "valetudinarian heroes."

What Congressman Gardner owes to the country in his exposure of our naval decline is to point out just when and where that decline began. Take his figures for target practice. It is certain that the process of degeneration must have set in very recently. In March, 1908, Commander Sims, naval aide to President Roosevelt, testified before the House Committee on Naval Affairs that, whereas in the Spanish-American War our battleship guns averaged 1½ per cent. of hits and the best record was 4 per cent., it was different in 1908. "Our men are the superiors of any others in the world, and since the present system of gunnery training has been established they can equal or beat any other navy in the world." Then in April, 1912, Secretary Meyer declared that, whereas the percentage of hits at Santiago was 3½ per cent., "the percentage of hits in the recent firing at the San Marcos was 33 1-3." In November, 1913, J. Bernard Walker, writing in the *Scientific American*, said: "Our ships are securing wonderful results at target practice, as shown by the fact that on the Arkansas during one of her runs the two 12-inch guns of turret No. 4 scored six hits in 57 seconds."

This brings the record nearly to the beginning of 1914, and not much more than a year before Mr. Gardner began to find out that our navy cannot shoot. In that interval of one year the wreck of our gunners' skill must have been brought about. What was the cause? One cause primarily suggests itself: the Democratic Administration. To be sure, in November, 1913, after six months of Wilson in the White House, our target practice was still "wonderful." But perhaps six months of Democracy was not enough to undo the beneficent effects of fifteen years of a Republican navy. In 1914 came the *débâcle*. What Mr. Gardner should tell us is whether our gun-layers during 1914 lost their eye when they thought of Mr. Wilson in the White House, or whether Mr. Daniels is responsible. In either case, it would be reassuring to know. It would so much simplify the problem of preparedness. The country would welcome the news that a perfect navy involves no herculean efforts, but may easily be attained by voting the anti-Democratic ticket next November.

The House again shows how earnestly it is buckling down to work by its passage of the bill for the leasing of coal, oil, and phosphate lands, the fifth and last of the Administration's measures for Western development. The form of the measure is like that in which it passed the House last year. It provides that oil and gas lands may be leased by the Secretary of the Interior through competitive bidding in areas of not over 640 acres, for a rental of not less than 10 per cent. of the value of the production, and for a term of twenty years, renewable thereafter for successive terms of ten years. Phosphate lands may be leased on very similar terms, in tracts of not over 2,560 acres. Coal lands, again, may be leased in tracts of limited size. Until now, there has been no law by which the phosphate rock which underlies large areas of reserved Western lands could be used for fertilizer in any way. The existing law as to oil and gas lands is a glaring misfit, for it is a placer claim law, intended to apply to the recovery of superficial minerals, whereas oil is often found 2,000 feet below the surface, and discovered at a cost of from $50,000 to $100,000. Coal lands have been subject to sale at appraised values based on an estimate of the content of the land—a method which converts each purchase into a gamble. The

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new method of leasing by royalty will give a man of moderate means opportunity to open a mine. The measure has been urgently needed in our scheme of national development, and the House will have the gratitude of the West for so promptly putting it on the road to becoming law.

For a party devoted to principles exclusively, the Progressives have an unfortunate way of getting their principles snarled up with personalities. "Don't get it into your mind," says Mr. Perkins, "that we are going to abandon the principles for which we fought in 1912. We are going to stand for them because they are necessary. The national features of our 1912 platform are more necessary to-day than they were then." And they are summed up in a single phrase, "Get rid of Wilson." In 1912 the eternal principles of social justice were similarly translated and condensed into the slogan, "Get rid of Taft." Any one else might do—Hadley or Borah or even Root, but between Taft and social justice there was no conceivable reconciliation. So to-day there is only one man whom the principles of national honor will not tolerate, and that is Wilson. The fact that the principles of Progressivism always demand the elimination of the one man whom the leader of Progressivism detests most is mere coincidence. The fact that the leader of Progressivism always detests the one man who has the best chance for the Presidency is also coincidence.

The reported formation of a Great Lakes shipping combination is one of many signs that the driving of railway-owned boats from the lake is being followed by a rapid readjustment. The Cleveland *Leader* predicts that the 1916 season will be one of the most prosperous in history, pointing to the fact that the big grain and ore shippers have in the last few months bought nearly all available freighters. The season of 1915 closed with the rates high and cargoes in excess of the supply of ships, the movement of freight in December being the largest on record for that month. The 1916 freight rate is expected to be 10 per cent. higher than that of 1915; the larger shipping interests have placed orders for new boats to be delivered early, and with the yards full, high prices for construction are being paid. Not merely will material additions be made to the Lake tonnage, according to the *Leader*, but shipyards can also spare steamers for the ocean trade, ten having been ordered for spring delivery.

Something more than a "craze for uniformity" appears in the standard code of traffic regulations which has just been presented by the Safety First Federation of America. Its investigations extended over a year and covered the regulations of all the States and all considerable cities, showing endless conflicts. There were instances of municipal rules flatly contradicting State rules; of municipalities within easy drive of one another with a confusing difference in ordinances. In New Jersey there has come enactment of uniform, comprehensive State laws annulling municipal ordinances not in harmony. There should undoubtedly be more such State codes. But in States in which the Legislature thinks it inexpedient to treat of more than the speed and equipment of automobiles, municipalities should find the uniform schedule offered by the Federation full of useful hints.

Following Pittsburgh, Cincinnati now brings a message of hopefulness to cities wrestling with the smoke nuisance. Built on the edge of a bituminous district, and with her factories lying in a basin surrounded by residence-covered hills, the Ohio city has had to contend with many difficulties. As elsewhere, improvement has been effected through a department for the prevention of smoke, working by education rather than by a mere harsh invoking of the law. The chief smoke inspector states that "owners, engineers, and firemen of fuel-burning devices are almost unanimously coöperating with the smoke inspection department in reducing damage, annoyance, and fuel loss resulting from smoky stacks." His full statement makes it clear, as did that of the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, that any modern anti-smoke crusade must usually be based on the work of a local research bureau, investigating methods of burning local coals with little smoke. So well has the Cincinnati department carried on this inquiry that some of its methods have been adopted for imitation under other conditions by the International Association for the Prevention of Smoke.

It is a fine spirit that has been shown by a group of Bryn Mawr alumnæ in deciding to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation by instituting a beneficent work of social improvement. Eleven members of the class of '89, after considering various proposed memorials of the conventional type, decided that a better use of such funds as they might be able to raise would be found in the promotion of an object in which the intelligence of college-bred women could be applied to the elimination or reduction of a public evil. The factory fires which, in recent years, have caused the death of many young women workers appealed with peculiar force to this group of alumnæ, and they decided to make provision for a study of fire prevention in industrial establishments where women and girls are employed. This study will be carried out in connection with the Pennsylvania State Department of Labor and Industry, the head of which has given to the project his cordial coöperation. A remarkable feature of the story is that, while the original group of eleven graduates of '89 were perfecting their plan, a number of members of the three classes that were at college in their time asked to be allowed to join them, so that now there are sixty Bryn Mawr contemporaries in the movement. The initiation of such an enterprise comes with peculiar appropriateness from the college in which the late Carola Woerishoffer passed her student days.

It may be too late to save Greek, but there is a chance for Latin. Strong reinforcements are coming out of the West to the help of the hard-pressed defenders of Cæsar and Cicero. The University of Wisconsin, coöperating with the Wisconsin Latin Teachers' Association, is planning a campaign to demonstrate to the public the practical value of the despised tongue. This, as lovers of the language of Virgil will gladly recognize, has the merit of getting right down to brass tacks, as Horace would say. It is hard to put up a good line of talk for Latin as a merely cultural study, but upon the question of its every-day usefulness the case is different. Here publicity is confidently relied upon to do for one of the oldest items in the curriculum what it has accomplished so successfully for some of the latest additions. When a man who has been taking courses in weather conditions wants a chance to put his attainments at the service of the State, he resorts, if it is necessary, to addresses and non-technical articles in local newspapers, showing the practical value of the information locked up in his breast. Soon, if he is the right man for the job, the demand for courses in weather conditions in the high schools of the State becomes irresistible. Such a triumph is the fond hope of the Latinists of Wisconsin. Their progress will be watched with anxious interest by persons giving courses in English Literature Prior to 1897.

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BELLIGERENT CONGRESSMEN OF YESTERYEAR.

In face of the utterances about relations with Europe and Mexico with which a number of Senators and Representatives have been favoring us, the country is not likely to lack a resigned patience. Such speakers are not to be taken too seriously. Many are negligible under any circumstances; some are even what Burke called "the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians . . . who, far from being qualified to be directors in the great movements of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine." We may recall that the railers are simply modern representatives of a long line. From the earliest days of the republic we have had Congressmen with a capacity, sometimes deliberately cultivated, for farragoes of abuse or nonsense about foreign affairs.

A century ago an almost identical babel of voices was heard upon a far more acute situation. To find analogues to the speeches of Chamberlain, Works, and Shackelford, turn to summaries of Macon's, Bayard's, and Randolph's—though it must be granted that the latter combine the solidity of the older time with their recklessness. Chamberlain on the cowardice which truckles to European Powers is like Bayard on the timidity of Jefferson in submitting to the outrages of the Franco-British maritime war. Shackelford on our munitions industry harks back to the virulent Randolph on our shipping trade of 1806. Thus he follows his denunciation of his opponents as deserving, not refutation, but "a strait waistcoat, a dark room, water gruel, and depletion":

> What is the question in dispute? The carrying trade. What part of it? The fair, the honest, and the useful trade that is engaged in carrying our own productions to foreign markets, and bringing back their productions in exchange? No, sir. It is that carrying trade which covers enemy's property, and carries the coffee, the sugar, and other West India products to the mother country. No, sir, if this great agricultural country is to be governed by Salem and Boston, New York and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Charleston, let gentlemen come out and say so. I for one will not mortgage my property and liberty to carry on this trade. . . . It is not for the honest carrying trade of America, but this mushroom, this fungus of war—a trade which, as soon as the nations of Europe are at peace, will no longer exist—it is for this that the spirit of avaricious traffic would plunge us into war.

The same speaker remarked that "national law is but national power guided by national interest," and that to prate of international justice was hypocrisy:

> You yourselves acknowledge and practice upon this principle where you can, or dare—with the Indian tribes, for instance. . . . And will you preach of violations of your neutral rights, when you tamely and meanly submit to violation of your territory [*i. e.*, by Spain]? Will you collar the stealer of your sheep, and let him escape that has invaded the repose of your fireside—has insulted your wife and children under your own roof?

There were Congressmen in 1805 who took their principles of international law implicitly from a pamphlet published in England and called "War in Disguise, or the Frauds of Neutral Flags." Those who would now abandon the rights of our citizens to travel abroad are akin to those who would then have had us abandon our whole commerce to its fate. And though the time was one of such noisy political debate that wits called the republic a logocracy, though the national attitude was one of great incertitude, the abusiveness of Randolph and his allies lost them their influence, and in one session his following dwindled, under his own invective, to almost nothing.

It is reassuring to remember the quick silence that fell on those who said silly or inflaming things during Kossuth's visit, or the Oregon boundary controversy. Hickman, a Pennsylvania Representative during the Civil War, is forgotten, though it is recorded that he denounced Lincoln's first attempt to lead back the doubtful States as unmanly, wanting in frankness, and below the dignity of a President "or of a full-grown, independent man"; as Stevens called it, "the most diluted milk-and-water gruel proposition that has ever been given to the nation." The settling of the Trent case called forth such extraordinary utterances as that of Senator Hale:

> A more fatal act could not mark the history of this country—an act that would surrender at once to the arbitrary demands of Great Britain all that was won in the Revolution, reduce us to the position of a second-rate Power, and make us the vassal of Great Britain. . . . I pray that this Administration will not surrender our national honor. I tell them that hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands will rush to the battlefield and bare their breasts rather than submit to degradation. If this Administration will not listen to the voice of the people, they will find themselves engulfed in a fire that will consume them like stubble; they will be helpless before a power that will hurl them from their places.

Lincoln, indeed, was the subject of almost unmeasured abuse, from that of copperhead Democrats to that growing from the certainty of men like Breckinridge that the whole tendency of his Administration was "to trample the Constitution under our feet." Long before the Spanish War, again, there were Congressmen who could find nothing too hard to say about our Cuban policy. Some thought it too unfriendly to Spain; others not only thought that it made the country "a police establishment for the aiding" of a "most outrageous warfare," but went as far as Senator Mills, who spoke of the execution of Sanguilly as some have recently spoken of events in Mexico:

> What does our Government do? Some more words, words, words. They say: "He has been tried according to treaty. There is nothing to do now but stand by and see an American shot for nothing." I say, O to God that we had one hour of Franklin Pierce, William L. Marcy, and Commander Ingraham! . . .

The keynote of such utterances has always been irresponsibility. If on domestic matters the Congressman talks or votes without thought, his constituency will call him to sharp account. In foreign affairs, especially when events follow one another fast and local interest in them is not aroused to extraordinary degree, his attitude will not often cost him much. He is but one of a body of five hundred legislators. In a time like this it is natural that loose-mouthed Congressional orators should come to the fore.

GERMAN MONEY AND GERMAN FOOD.

Two factors in the economic condition of Germany, of very unequal degrees of complexity, but both of them sufficiently productive of dispute, are continually thrusting themselves into public notice. One is the condition of the food supply, the other that of the currency. The first is at once the simpler and the more vital; but the second is not without keen interest, and in so far as it is puzzling, the puzzle has the attraction attaching to a standard problem, recurring in generation after generation. When German statesmen or journalists refuse to accept the transactions of foreign exchange as indicative of inflation and debasement of the national currency, they are doing just what British statesmen and journalists did a hundred years ago, and what for some time they persisted in doing even after the famous Report of the Bullion Committee, following Ricardo's lead, had clearly set forth the true doctrine.

An interesting illustration of the pitfalls with which such questions are beset is to be found in a letter contributed to the columns of the New York *Evening Post* a few days ago by a gentleman who, as was amply evidenced by the character of his whole communication, is thoroughly

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versed in the subject. Let us add at once that he did not make the mistake of drawing from his figures any conclusion as to the actual condition of the German currency; what he did do was to leave upon the reader the impression that that condition is less serious in point of inflation than is the case with the British currency. This impression was produced especially by the following statement, with which the lettter closes:

> Consequently, while both Great Britain and Germany have resorted to measures which, in principle, amount to a suspension of their respective Bank acts, and while these measures have been carried through in England to such an extent as to make this suspension of the Peel act operative in fact, the total circulation of paper currency in Germany remains well within the limits of the Bank act, and, what is more, the gold stock alone is still in excess of the minimum limit fixed in the Bank act for the metallic stock of every description.

Now, without challenging in any way the adequacy of the figures to establish this conclusion, the question remains, what does the conclusion itself signify? While the writer refrained from commenting on it, surely nine readers out of ten will understand it to mean that Great Britain has gone farther on the road of inflation than Germany has. But in reality it means nothing of the kind. That Germany has not issued paper money beyond the limits which the law, as it stood before the war, allowed, while Great Britain has, may be an interesting fact; but it throws no light whatever on the question of inflation. Since the Peel act admitted of no expansion whatever of the currency by means of banknote issues—all issues beyond a fixed amount being mere representatives of an equal amount of gold held by the Bank—while the German banking law permitted the issue of banknotes to three times the amount of the gold covering them, there was a theoretical possibility of enormous inflation in Germany without infraction of the law, while in England no such possibility existed. That theoretical possibility has been converted into an actual one by the gathering into the Reichsbank of vast quantities of gold, after a fashion not thought of in peace times. The stock of gold on which the paper circulation of Germany rests is about $600,000,000, whereas before the war it was only about $300,000,000; and this has permitted Germany, while remaining, as this correspondent says, "well within the limits of the Bank act," to add to the volume of her paper currency not 1,200,000,000 marks—the equivalent of that added stock of gold in the Bank—but the vast sum of something like 3,600,000,000 marks.

When, in any country, the paper currency in circulation is not freely redeemable in gold on demand, the question whether, and to what degree, there is inflation or debasement, is not to be answered by a comparison between the volume of that currency and the gold which, in some sense, stands behind it. The ratio of one-third, which is doubtless more than sufficient, in normal conditions, to assure the soundness and parity of the currency, is no guarantee of that soundness and parity when the gold has been accumulated in the extraordinary way that has been the case in Germany. The question in such a case is not how the volume of the currency compares with what the law happens to permit, but how it compares with what would be needed for the transaction of the nation's business if parity with gold were assured in the ordinary way.

In the food question, the most vital point at issue turns not on the determination of the exact facts, but on the appraisal of their significance. As to the facts, there is a constant see-saw between official or semi-official assurances, on the one hand, that Germany can hold out indefinitely upon her own sources of food, and abundant reports, on the other, of privation and discontent over food-scarcity. No absolute contradiction, however, is involved; what the Government organs are thinking about is the possibility of keeping alive, of averting starvation or near-starvation; what the complaining newspapers are talking about is the hardships that the people are suffering in the process. There is no serious doubt that Germany can go on indefinitely without starvation; neither is there any serious doubt that her people are suffering grievously from scarcity of food. The question is not whether they *can* keep on doing this, but whether they *will*. The importance of any manifestation of discontent lies not in what it teaches us as to the physical facts of to-day, but what it portends as to the psychical facts of to-morrow. The German people, it was recently said by one of their newspapers, will, in the scarcity of food, be sustained by hate. We do not believe it; what will sustain them is not hate, but hope. If the war is to be brought to a close through German submission, this will come from the failure of that hope which is making up for the shortage in the supply of accustomed food. For a great object, and a possible one, the German people will endure great privations; for an impossibility they will not. And upon this rests the real value to the Allies of the shutting out of food supplies as a means of bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

JUDGE HUGHES'S ADDRESS.

No one should be kept from reading the address which Judge Hughes made before the New York State Bar Association last Friday by fear that it will be found a dry legal discussion. It was, in a way, professional—a lawyer speaking to lawyers. In parts it was technical—having to do with judicial procedure. But it was at the same time a masterful and stirring survey of the fundamentals of our expanding democracy as expressed in forms of government and enactments of law. There was no politics in the speech, but there was something better: a grasp of processes deeper than the surface manifestations of party; a setting forth of the underlying methods by which the will of the people in the country gets itself made the law of the land, without infringement either of individual liberty or of the rights of property. The whole was the work of a first-class mind with peculiar opportunities to study its problems directly. In nothing that Mr. Hughes has before written are his powerful intellect and his ability to state with perfect clearness and with great force what he has meditated upon deeply more plainly put in evidence. Full of meat, of timely and telling significance, his address is a very model of what a highly trained lawyer can do when he puts his talents at the service of the public.

Judge Hughes's discussion of the place of the States, over against the Federal authority, is a marvel of condensed but luminous statement. He avoids generalities and is surcharged with the concrete. His study is of actualities; not theories, but things. Definite statutes are in his mind, presenting clear-cut conflicts between the claims of State power on the one hand and Federal assertion on the other. It is one thing to speculate in the vague on this matter. It is another to see a master of exposition take up a burning question—such as the law of workmen's compensation on railways—and show how the practical difficulties of making it work piecemeal finally compel the broad assertion of national jurisdiction. And the spirit of it all does not escape Judge Hughes. It is not "usurpation" that he perceives, not an undue stretching of the powers of the central government, or a shearing away of the rights of the States, but a great democratic

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and humane movement reaching after its fit instrument and finally putting its hand upon it.

So with the whole question of the revisory, or interpreting, power of the courts in respect of legislation. To Judge Hughes this is not a matter of abstract speculation or fine-spun theories. He has his eye upon the "veritable truth of the thing," the actual process. He notes the way in which legislators go to work; their haste, too often; their use of legal phrases of which they do not understand the historical meaning or the full implication; their ambiguity, often intentional, in drafting statutes. Then he turns to judges before whom this complex comes. He notes their desire to uphold the "intent" of the Legislature or of the Congress, yet their necessary jealousy lest some great provision of the Bill of Rights be heedlessly impaired. He shows how judicial interpretation works together with the law-making power so as patiently and safely to translate the ardors of democracy into the safeguards of a statute so equal in its application that all will respect and obey it. This entire American system of making laws presents itself to Judge Hughes as, in the result, a method of working through experts. And he declares his belief that the safety of democracy consists in placing more and more faith in men of special competence—"they who know," as the Greeks phrased it.

Right in this line stand those new administrative agencies which the manifold needs of our busy day have led legislators to create in order to supplement their own work, and to do it better than they can themselves. As Governor of New York, Mr. Hughes was the originator of one such Commission. His conception of its necessity and of its functions, he restated in his address:

> Complaints must be heard, expert investigations conducted, complex situations deliberately and impartially analyzed, and legislative rules intelligently adapted to a myriad of instances falling within a general class. It was not difficult to frame legislation establishing a general standard, but to translate an accepted principle into regulations wisely adapted to particular cases required an experienced body sitting continuously and removed as far as possible from the blandishments and intrigues of politics.

But Judge Hughes is under no illusion about the danger ever besetting such bodies. And what he had to say about their becoming a "mere bureaucracy—narrow, partisan, or inexpert," and about their failure, when they do fail, causing discouragement bordering on pessimism, doubtless had some relation to what had happened to his own Public Service Commission in New York. In that case, happily, there is now promise of retrieval.

It is good to have this proof that his years on the bench have not turned Charles E. Hughes into a desiccated and meticulous judge. He has his old impact of weighty style with him; he is as deeply interested as ever in the ongoings of the democracy of which he feels himself a part. His address is one to be read and pondered, because it is the product of a fruitful experience and a singularly rich mind, giving of its best thought to his fellow-countrymen.

A STEP IN INTERNAL DEVELOPMENT.

On January 8 there passed the House, without spirited debate, and without a ripple of comment outside, one of the most important measures that have been or will be called before it this session—the Water Power bill, governing the use of public lands for hydro-electric development. Its acceptance without even a division surprised its sponsors, for it has been strongly opposed by the Western States in which the public domain lies. Their representatives have conducted an organized campaign to prejudice Congress and the general public against the measure. Yet it is clear that a sense of its necessity to the proper opening up of the West dictated its passage. It is the fourth bill in the series presented by Secretary Lane two years ago for internal development. Three others—that for the railway into the interior of Alaska, the Coal Leasing law for Alaska, and the new Reclamation Act extending the time within which payments were to be made by water-users and forcing tenanted land into use—were promptly carried through. The present bill—the storm-centre of the five—passed the Senate last year. Its full passage should soon be followed by that of the last measure, the General Development bill, which provides a method of disposing of our oil, gas, coal, phosphate, and potash without danger of monopoly or non-use.

The need for the measure has arisen from the fact that, though there are estimated to be 30,000,000 potential horsepower in the streams on the public domain, existing legislation allows only a revocable permit to be granted for hydro-electric plants, with other irksome restrictions. As a result, financiers and engineers have been discouraged from attempting investments. It is indubitable that a more liberal law will enable the West to add rapidly to the total of 7,000,000 hydro-electric horsepower used in the United States. There are public land valleys that would grow up industrially like the Merrimac. The restrictions apply to water-power sites which for operation or transmission of power require use of some portion of the public domain. Under unduly cautious conservation laws no investor has been able to obtain a lease running longer than fifty years, while at any time the Department in jurisdiction demanded it the conditions of the permit might be changed or its provisions annulled. What little development there has been, therefore, has been by companies charging high rates as a species of insurance against the risk they ran. The new law gives a fifty-year franchise, with the possibility of renewal, and with an allowance of compensation for plant if the property is acquired or leased to another company at the end of the half-century. In granting franchises care will be taken to guard against monopolies. But the tenure and status of any company which once receives a franchise will be stable. The rentals, except for a slight percentage, are to flow into the reclamation fund.

The Western States have opposed the ultra-conservationists who insisted upon prohibitive restrictions. They grant that the indeterminate franchise, with an assured term of fifty years and low rents, invites investment. Why, then, have they fought this bill? Their objections, as put by a minority report in the Senate last year, and by the recent Water-Power Conference called by the Governor of Oregon, are twofold. On legal grounds they contend that the Federal Government owns the public lands as a proprietor, and not in a sovereign capacity; that sovereignty is reserved to the States, and that Congress has no right to fix dates within the States as a condition to the lease or sale of public lands. They hold that in formulating intrastate rates the Government will conflict with State Commissions. On grounds of policy they argue that the States will be able to take closer accounts of local needs, and—above all—that the Federal rental is an unjust indirect tax. Representative Sinnott summarized this as follows:

> A possibility of developing on the public domain 29,000,000 horsepower taxed at $1 per horsepower means that the eleven Western States pay into the coffers of the Government $29,000,000 a year when the horsepower . . . reasonably expected is developed. In the report of the committee accompanying this bill we find that the horsepower developed outside of the eleven Western States amounts to about 7,700,000. Not a dollar rental, not a dollar taxation can be imposed on these water powers in the North Atlantic, South Atlantic, and Central States because they are not on the public domain.

The Constitutional argument is ludicrous;

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no doubt exists as to the Government's regulatory rights. As for policy, it is ridiculous to assert that the Government intends an unjust burdening of Western States. Its sole purpose is to open its lands in such a way as to prevent the monopolistic abuses which have flourished under State grants.

Developments under the new law are almost certain to throw into strong contrast the degrees of wisdom in State and Federal management. Secretary Lane has shown that of 1,140,000 horsepower generated on State lands in eight Western commonwealths, 1,030,000 is now owned by large corporations. With few exceptions, again, the States have disposed of their most valuable power sites in perpetuity. Under the Lane-Ferris act, the small developer will have his chance, and there will be no wasting of the public patrimony for the benefit of a few influential corporations. The West will receive the benefit of the power or irrigation, for factory use, for lighting and heating, on the most favorable terms compatible with prompt exploitation. The bill holds to the just road between irresponsible wastrels and over-zealous guardians of the public possessions.

THE CRITIC'S INDEPENDENCE.

In connection with the change of the London *Athenæum* from a weekly to a monthly publication, its history and its guiding principles have naturally been passed under review. Sir Charles Dilke, who became its chief editor in 1830, set up a standard of complete independence. Books were to be noticed purely on their merits, without regard to who their writers or their publishers might be. This was almost a startling novelty at the time. The ferocious literary animosities of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Review* were only beginning to decline. Under the older practice, a critic was an avowed partisan—dusting some varlet's jacket—or a sort of gladiator hired to do to death the works of this or that author—particularly of a rival publisher. The sort of thing that was done is amusingly set forth in "Pendennis." But the editor of the *Athenæum* was determined to change all that. And he did, so far as his own periodical was concerned. Yet the rule which he laid down for himself, and his leading critics, was to "withdraw altogether from general society," and to "avoid as far as possible personal contact with authors or publishers."

Is such a self-denying ordinance really necessary to the critic's independence? It sometimes seems so. We all know what social and personal obligations are sometimes discharged under the name of criticism. There plainly is such a thing as kissing books or plays, poets, actors, or singers, by favor. The French custom is at least aboveboard. The author makes a formal call upon the critic, to present him with a copy of his book, and to bespeak a benevolent review. Here there is no pretence of what is not. But abuses creep in when courtesies are too thickly showered upon the critic, and too promiscuously accepted. You can hardly find it in your heart to tell unpleasant truths about those whose lavish and repeated hospitality you have enjoyed. It was only in joke that Tom Moore spoke of editors who first took a cut of the publisher's mutton, and then took a cut at him. The moral strain is severe.

Yet we do not at all assent to the view that the critic must be an ascetic and a hermit. He can enter with more or less freedom into the literary or artistic world without compromising himself. He can, that is to say, if he makes the necessary distinctions between hosts and between favors, and maintains his discretion. A certain flavor of the social temperament may, indeed, be set down as a desirable part of the critical equipment. If one does not know from first-hand observation the play of mind on mind in literary or artistic circles, if one is ignorant of the personal equation—even if one does not now and then come into touch with the prejudices, the cliques, the little stratagems, the laughable log-rollings which prevail—one may be writing criticisms too much *in vacuo*. All depends upon the terms upon which a critic mingles in the life about him. He can give it to be understood that he will be as genial as the next man in any private company where writers or publishers, managers or actors, are present, but that this does not impair his critical integrity. "Here friendship ceases," is the saying at the first tee; and the critic may equally make it a rule to forget his friends when he sets out to write what he believes to be the uncolored truth. And we believe that it is entirely possible to do this without any breach of friendships worth having. At a meeting of magazine editors Thomas B. Aldrich once got up and said with a comprehensive smile: "We have all rejected each other's manuscripts." It was doubtless true; and it shows that kindly relations and good fellowship do not necessarily break down critical standards.

A certain austerity is no doubt essential in a conscientious and independent critic. But austerity does not necessarily mean aloofness. One may be in the world, yet not of it. A critic may sit at table with the men about whose work it is his duty to write, without being either a churl at the moment or a cringer afterwards. The history of criticism does not argue strongly for the theory that the best work is done by men shut up in cells, and with cotton in their ears. The greatest critics, whose names most easily come to mind, have not been of the sour, averse type. Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, Arnold, Lowell—no eremites they. The "Fable for Critics" itself was a rollicking production, yet not without its something bitter, here and there, and its due obeisance to the things eternally true. The critic is not, in fact, shut up to the choice of being either a monk or a jolly good fellow. He can be a little of each, and still, if he has the right stuff in him, reserve and exhibit his independence.

Foreign Correspondence

EN ROUTE TO GREECE—THE ODYSSEY OF THE SPETSAI.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, December 22.

Getting from Naples to Athens under present conditions is not an expeditious business, but finally, after a week's detention in harbor, the Greek boat Spetsai, in which I was to sail, received the order of liberation last Sunday morning and sailed in the afternoon. She was the mail-boat and was freed before the other Greek vessels in Allied ports, which had to wait until the following Tuesday.

By the following morning we had anchored close by the wharf in the harbor of Messina, and by virtue of my American citizenship and my profession as a newspaper man I received a special permit from the Chief of Police of Messina to go ashore. Regulations are strict, and none of the other passengers were allowed to land. It is a forlorn picture that meets the eye. With the wreck and destruction of the once fine buildings of the waterfront, and the ruins rising tier upon tier beyond, it might be one of the bombarded cities in the storm centre of the war. Messina to-day is still in ruins as the earthquake of eight years ago left it.

I had to mail letters for New York, and had thought to find my way to the Central Post Office that used to stand at the corner of the Via Garibaldi and the Via San Camillo, opposite the Palazzo Municipale. All was in ruins. I had landed at the broad quay near the New Market, a simple structure with roof supported on girders. This market stands at the edge of the desolation of the Messina that was, and what there is of the new Messina of to-day. To find the new one-story post office my path took me along

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the quay to the Viale San Martino, running at a wide angle away from the ruined streets of the waterfront and the ruins rising on the elevation behind them. The Viale soon broadens out into a wide thoroughfare with the new buildings one story in height that represent the commercial life of the new Messina.

It is a depressing sight, and I was glad to return on board and mingle with the passengers and crew of the Spetsai. They were true descendants of Odysseus. The second mate, as we passed between the islands of Cephalonia and Zante on the following day, pointed out his birthplace, on my map, in Ithaca itself, to the northeast of Cephalonia and only separated by a channel from the island in view. There was a strong northeast wind blowing—"Φύσα βορεά μου, φύσησε, νὰ πάρουν τὰ πανιά μου" ("Blow, my north wind, blow! That my sails may be filled"). He immediately took me up, and followed with the next lines. I heard the boatswain cry to his men Ω-οπ ("Avast there"), the cry that has been heard on Greek waters from the time of Homer, the cry of "Halt!" from the captain to the rowers of the Triremes.

And the passengers: here was a tall, spare man of perfect manners, who had been a miner for two years in the copper mines of the Union Minière of the Congo, of which an American is manager. He had worked his way all through South Africa. And here was an elder man who might have been his brother; he had left his home in his youth, had served with the French expedition to Madagascar. He had been in Rhodesia, the Transvaal, Cape Colony; he had raised a company of Greeks in the colonial service in the war with the Boers. His papers and photographs attested it. He had been a wholesale fruit merchant in South Africa for the last fifteen years, and spoke of the difference between the Canadian and Tasmanian apples of which he received yearly consignments. Now at night he was sleeping uncomplainingly on the boards of the 'tween decks. "Our love of Greece brings us all home," he said.

We spoke of the situation in Greece to-day. I give his opinion—it was that of all the men on board: "The Allies, headed by England, are trying to compel us to enter the war. We would never fight against England and France, we could never fight for Germany, but we do not want war. We have always loved France—England to a lesser extent; I myself learned to love the English in South Africa. But the way England acts towards us now makes our hearts to grow cooler every day. She would see us ruined as Servia has been ruined. Our treaty with Servia did not pledge us to a European war. Her heroism has been in vain, neglected by England and the Allies till too late. Why should Greece fight Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, and suffer as Belgium and Servia have suffered for England's sake? We know of England's greatness, but our duty, our love is toward Greece. We must save her!"

Then there was the young Greek doctor and surgeon in the second cabin. He was returning from his final studies in Europe. He had been through the medical school of the University of Lausanne, where there were more than two hundred Greek students alone, following the courses in law, medicine, and civil engineering. He had served in the two Balkan campaigns of Greece, with Servia and Bulgaria against Turkey, and in the second war with Servia against Bulgaria. At the military hospital of Arta, at the age of twenty-one, he found himself directly responsible for the care of eight hundred and fifty wounded. After the fall of Janina there were thirty-five thousand Turkish prisoners, and the work was severe among them with the wounded and the infectious diseases. "C'était de braves gens," he said of the Turkish soldiers he had dealt with. The campaign against their late allies, the Bulgarians, was harder in character. "We found them unquestionably more barbarous. In a choice between the two we prefer the Turks."

Night was coming on as we left the island of Oxia with its lighthouse on our left, and it was in a veiled moonlight that a Greek sailor pointed out the distant lights of Missolonghi, where Byron died. England has been forgiven much for his sake. Another sailor wrote for me the last lines of Diakos: "See what time Charon has chosen to take me, now that the buds are coming forth, and the green grass shows again above the earth."

Before 9 P. M. we anchored in the harbor of Patras, where most of the first-class passengers left to go by rail to Athens, being taken off by boats from the shore. The harbor was almost empty of ships, the order of release only having come that day for the Greek vessels detained in the Allied ports. We stayed but an hour, and then steamed along the Gulf of Corinth. At dawn the following day, Wednesday, we approached the canal. Directly ahead of us was a stretch of low-lying land of the Isthmus of Corinth, running right across the bay, with what appeared to be a nick in it. On a nearer approach the nick deepens to the water's edge, and with the sun rising behind on the horizon it looks like a V of light in the dark edge of land, but with almost perpendicular sides and cut off a short way from the bottom by the level of the water.

Once we are in the canal, the walls rise rapidly and we look up to a height on each side of 175 feet of almost perpendicular rock. A stone walk from four to six feet in width runs the whole length of the canal, raised a few feet above the surface of the water at the base of the wall of rock. We pass a group of workmen under a shelter whose duty is the surveillance and maintenance of the safety of the canal. The almost vertical sides are composed of strata of sandstone and marl, and where there is a fault or gap it is supported by an underpinning of masonry; but here and there is a bulge above, in the clean sliced strata, which produces a sense of discomfort on those standing on the deck below, looking up at the sky—a path of light far above. We pass under the iron girder railway bridge, 175 feet above. As we approach the end of the four miles of the canal, the walls on each side decrease rapidly in height to within a few feet above the sea-level at the exit.

We are in the Gulf of Ægina: it is blowing a strong breeze and we watch the admirably handled yawl-rigged boats with pointed stem and stern, running across the gulf without a reef in. Far off to the left is Megara, and rounding the headland of Salamis, and running across the famous bay, the Spetsai arrives at the Piræus at 11 A. M. on the Wednesday morning, having departed from Naples the Sunday preceding.

FRANCE AND IMPERIAL ISLAM—IN THE TRACK OF CAMBYSES.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, January 1.

This war, whatsoever it may have been, is becoming a phantasmagoria. Is its Imperial showman also the inventor of the war slides? He has been explained as posing for a counter-Napoleon in Europe; and now he seems to be off in the track of Cambyses. His Feldmarschall von der Goltz is to use the Bagdad Railway, for which French money paid, to strike the English in the way of India. Another, if it is not the same, is to unite the odds and ends of Syrian railways to bring Turkish forces against the Suez Canal. And from the Tripoli side, his Germans are leading Arab religious communities against the English outposts in Egypt.

In the uncertain tide of human actions and reactions, it is hard to forecast how this reversed crusade will end. The sign of the Crescent is over the Turk, but whatsoever military success is hoped must come from lineal sons of the Prophet—Arabs of some sort. It was so before their religion. When Cambyses wished to come from beyond the Tigris to invade Egypt, he had to make sure of the Arab tribes in between, just as the Germans have now induced Arabs to keep General Townshend back from Bagdad. Cambyses had relays of Arabs with their camels bearing water-bottles all along the dry land which he had to cross to get to Egypt. He used religion too. To worship Ammon, he sent large forces to that god's tomb where great treasures were—but the desert swallowed them up. The Tyrians flatly refused to help him by sea to Carthage, where colonies of their kin were well off, just as Arabs now are in French Tunis, which once was Carthage. He also failed in his expedition against the Ethiopians—more children of Ammon and said to be the most beautiful and strongest of men. To get into Egypt, however, he used religion successfully. He placed in front of his invading troops the sacred beasts of the Egyptians, who threw down their arms lest they might wound the divinity in them.

There will be no such scruple nowadays; but before we cast up the probabilities of the Imperial attack on Egypt, and of the English holding out, we may reasonably take account of the vital forces of Islam. And here the French are on their own ground. It is not in the dry rot of Turkish rule that the living springs of Mahomet's religion have kept welling forth. When religion possesses a people or race or the followers of a race, outsiders can never calculate its action.

> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep and pass and turn again.

The Turks are an overgrowth in Islam. All through North Africa, where the French have brought peace and order and cultivation of the land, the law of Mahomet has renewed its vigor with the enjoyment of freedom. Arabs and the older peoples of the coast still speak with frank dislike of the Turkish tax-gathering rule which barred all prosperity in their grandfathers' days.

It is an unreal vision that some Caliph, temporal or spiritual, can again dig channels for the religious aspirations of the Faithful. The religion of Mahomet, by a reaction which

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is a progress, has reverted to the age of prophets in the shape of Saints that found religious orders. The German attempt, persistent even before this war, to use the Senoussis shows that this great religious fact of to-day has not escaped the notice of those who dreamed of world domination.

The Senoussis are but one example, aristocratic as it were, of the brotherhoods which for years have carried on this Mahometan revival. At the other end of the social scale are the Blue Brethren of darkest Morocco; and these too the Germans have long used against France. Now all these religious communities grow and multiply outside of the Turks, who have never been given to mysticism. They have chiefly been fostered by the kindly French rule of Algiers or have hid their fanaticism in desert fastnesses of the Sahara or Morocco. They have undoubtedly spread into Turkish dominions; but their farthest claim is to an origin in Damascus before the rulers of Islam had ceased to be of the Prophet's flesh and blood.

At the beginning, it was with the Arabs, who alone were philosophers among primitive Mussulmans, that ecstasy of the soul culminating in prophecy came to be recognized as vital religion. It has continued to be so in myriad camp-meetings held around the *zaouias* of the Sahara—mother-houses of these brotherhoods. Rationalizing Maimonides and other Jewish philosophers who had grown up with the Arabs in Spain tried to reason it out in their own religion; and Averroes, the great Arab commentator on Aristotle, though believing little, accepted it as a fact. It is doubtful if the master of Berlin theologues will be able to use it otherwise.

The Senoussis, as an example, were founded by an Algerian Arab in 1843, and, although their stronghold is in the back country of Tripoli, they have still their *zaouia* at their founder's birthplace on the way to Mostaganem. They have others as far in the interior of Africa as Lake Tchad, for Sudanese take wonderfully to the ecstasy. One of the two sons of the founder, who succeeded him, was known as "Mahdi"; and many were the blunders made in newspapers when the Mahdi of Omdurman occupied all attention. It is the grandsons who now inherit the prophet's place, distrusted by the English and feared by the Italians, who are nearest. On the contrary, for some years the rank and file of these Senoussi brethren seem attracted towards the French, with whom their religious community flourishes. There can now be scarcely more than an inconstant, uncertain personal influence to make them throw any military help they can give on the side of Germany—and it will fail when most wanted.

Back from the coast which Herodotus visited when it was Cyrenaica, with graceful Greek cities at its five ports, the Senoussis had before the Italian occupation thirty-three *zaouias* for their novices, whom they furnished with a more spiritual theology than the great Mussulman schools of Egypt. There were six more—the central seats—further back in Tripoli; five in the Sudan; fourteen in other parts of mid-Africa; three in Egypt; two in Constantinople; seven in Asia Minor, with others in Turkestan and Persia, and in unknown regions of their propaganda, perhaps in British India; with twenty-one in the Prophet's own Arabia. But the directing brain and hand is in Africa, near to the comfortable French.

It would be foolish to imagine any occult, organized, far-reaching power in such brotherhoods. Their power reaches as far as their "prayer." Sometimes it may be associated with armament, but it is likely to be of the free-shooting fashion of that other Mahometan brotherhood of Morocco which takes the name of its brethren from the word "rifle"—Mukhaliya. The Blue Brothers have their name from Manchester's cheap cotton shirts on which the rain fell and dyed their holy bodies blue. Let us wait before we look for an Imperial force from such as these.

Notes from the Capital

FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE.

Many newspaper readers must have been struck by the practical unanimity with which the Washington correspondents threw out the suggestion, when Justice Lamar became incapacitated, that Franklin Knight Lane would succeed him, and inferred that the forecast had been officially inspired. This was a mistake. The real reason for such mention of Lane is that he has the mind and temperament which, in a Federal officer exercising judicial or semi-judicial functions, commands the unqualified admiration of the news-writers at the capital. Taft had it in his earlier days; so had George A. Jenks and Henry M. Hoyt. Any of these men was ready, when called upon to explain one of those legal questions which throw the wits of the ordinary layman into a hopeless tangle, to sit down quietly with the inquirer and straighten out the whole matter in a few sentences free from technical verbiage.

It is his quality of patience which is never on parade, his rare art of expounding great problems so as to show that they are really only little problems magnified, and his sympathy with the writer who will take the pains to seek accurate knowlege of a subject before spreading it upon the printed page, that have made Lane preëminently the newspaper candidate for the Supreme bench. But there are others besides newspaper workers who long ago fixed upon Lane as a coming man for the court. Their idea of his fitness is founded on his possession of faculties quite removed from those of expression. One is his calmness under conditions which throw many men of a different type out of balance. As a Californian, for instance, he objected not less sincerely than Hiram Johnson to a railway despotism in his State, but he did not find it necessary to become a chronic ranter and roarer in making plain his discontent, or to condemn to eternal obloquy every one who did not take kindly to his special conception of a remedy. He did not vaunt his intention to "kick the Southern Pacific out of California politics," but he did the most effective job of its sort ever accomplished when, by a series of interrogatories so skilfully thought out and so courteously couched that the witness could neither resist nor resent them, he drew the whole story of Harriman's monopolistic schemes from the lips of Harriman himself, and thus supplied the Government with the information it needed for checking these by regular process of law.

It is this way of going straight at any point he wishes to compass, instead of wasting time and thought on publicity antics, that has distinguished his policy with regard to the Indians. Its basic theory is not new. So long ago as 1895 Hoke Smith recognized the fact that most of the aboriginal tribes, if not all, contained members so far in advance of the great body in intelligence, adaptability, and disposition to improve, that it was highly unwise to keep them tied down to the common code of restrictions as regarded property and social freedom. He therefore proposed a series of censuses to sift out those Indians everywhere who were capable of caring for their own interests, and, from among these again, the lesser number who were fit for full citizenship. He did not remain at the head of his Department long enough to carry out this campaign; but Secretary Lane, without making quite the same distinction between property rights and citizenship, has taken up the general idea and sent into the field a force of census-takers who are to separate the capable from the incapable Indians on the lines evolved in the administration of the Burke law. The Lane plan includes also a feature which might, owing to the cruder conditions then prevailing in the frontier country, have proved impracticable in Mr. Smith's time: he proposes that when an Indian is found clearly competent to take care of himself, he receive what is due him, be set upon his own feet, and cut loose from the Government, whether he wishes to be or not. Here is the practical conclusion immediately pursuant of the practical investigation: the vital facts once ascertained, their logical consequences to be immediately enforced. Moreover, beginning the line of inquiry at the right end, the Lane plan assumes that, but for sundry abnormal circumstances which have now passed away, the Indian would have been as free to-day in every respect as any other American, and asks, not whether a given Indian can safely be discharged from wardship, but on what pretext the Government is still compelled, for either his welfare or its own, to bear longer the unnecessary burden of his guardianship.

A like directness characterizes Secretary Lane's leap from yesterday into to-day in his mode of dealing with new emergencies. His advocacy of a Government-owned railway in Alaska was widely regarded, when it was first made known, as a dangerous stride towards state socialism. But when he recalled the fact that our old way of connecting an undeveloped territory with the Union and the outside world was to run wagon-roads into it, and that the railway is only the modern successor of the wagon-road, many who came to criticise remained to reflect.

Physically, the Secretary is an impressive rather than a dominating figure. Solidly built, enough inclined to corpulency to suggest good-fellowship, with a large, round, genial face, a high brow, and prematurely white hair, eyes that combine earnestness with humor, a habit of talking straight to you instead of at you but over your shoulder to some one else, a mouth and jaw that leave no doubt of the force latent behind the friendly manner; here you have your picture of the man whom, though a Democrat, President Roosevelt placed upon the Interstate Commerce Commission in spite of a Republican Senate's threatened refusal to confirm, and who has made good under three Administrations and with two sets of duties. Are the qualities which he has displayed in the executive field the sort which are needed on the bench just now?

TATTLER.

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The Case of "The Critics"

A DEFENCE OF A MISPRISED RACE.

By H. W. BOYNTON.

That in some dimly glimpsed and conveniently remote superworld there exists a functionary called Critic who succeeds in making himself useful and even honored among his superfellows, appears to be a fairly general impression. Whether we behold him as a calm Olympian eye and voice, omniscient and omniloquent, or as an ardent soul adventuring safely, with his talisman of taste, among the pieces and masterpieces of art, he remains, in theory, a shining figure. When, therefore, at the moment, we find a brilliant young American novelist alluding to criticism, in an offhand way, as "the lamest of all arts," we may be sure he is not trying to tweak the halo from that canonized brow. It is not the Critic he is disposing of, but "the critics"—a very different matter, as everybody knows. "The critics," "the reviewers"—when has the world spoken of them without a natural curl of the lip? They carp, they feign, they fawn, they quibble. They are the scavengers or parasites of the republic of letters. What age has not written down something like this against them in its commonplace book? From them, even in our own time, the consideration which has been extended to other members of the writing-guild is still withheld. "The authors" long since sloughed off that belittling particle. Poets, story-tellers, miscellaneous makers of books, are clear of the Grub Street taint, and are freely acknowledged, however humble and second-rate or even second-hand their performances, as respectable and useful persons. The critics have had no such luck; indeed, it seems that the whole burden of that ancient *odium litterarium* has somehow been shifted upon their hapless shoulders. Lowell, proudly conscious of his high station as Critic, followed notable precedents in writing his Fable for the confusion of "the critics." Coleridge, in his day, had only echoed the common verdict when he denounced them as "a numerous host of shallow heads and restless tempers—men who live as almsfolk on the opinions of their contemporaries."

I.

That they presume to judge their contemporaries would seem to be the primary offence of the reviewers; here, certainly, is a main ground of the resentment "authors" feel for them. A theory has been advanced which, if it were tenable, might go far towards justifying this resentment. It is to the effect that reviewers are not critics at all, for the excellent reason that appraisal of the contemporary cannot be criticism. Here is a view which conveniently fits the notion of a super-critic sitting up aloft and safely docketing the helpless dead. Unluckily it does not fit anything else. If criticism is not a live thing, able in some measure to deal with art at the moment of its emergence from life, it is a thing of mere "academic interest," which is to say, a thing of little human importance. Invaluable as scholarly criticism is, the final test of its vitality must surely lie in its ability to cope with the experience and expression of to-day. Upon what is our scorn of false or half-hearted reviewing based but a belief that criticism ought to be a living force? Lowell's

> My friends, in the happier days of the Muse,
> We were luckily free from such things as reviews,

is a quip, on the face of it. There is a good deal more of truth in Kipling's fancy of the Devil reviewing Adam's first sketch. Since there was nobody else to do it, the Devil had to! For an unjudged expression in art is hardly more conceivable than an unjudged expression in action.

No, we cannot seriously deny criticism its right and its duty to deal with the contemporary. It is our impatience with hasty or stupid or partisan judgments that obscures the issue. What we are really discontented with is not the profession, but the professors. And out of this discontent springs another hardy perennial, the notion that the critics of the hour are degenerate, that in some former time they amounted to something, and that only in our own day have they ceased to be worth their salt. There have been ages, sighs young Pope, when

> The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
> And taught the world with reason to admire.

Dennis and the other wretches were reserved for the reigns of Anne and George! Just a century later it is young Byron who writes:

> Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
> Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
> When sense and wit with poesy allied,
> No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
> From the same fount their inspiration drew,
> And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
> Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure strain
> Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain.

No Edinburgh reviewers had disturbed the calm of Twickenham!

Why, then, are the critics of the present—of any present—judged to be unworthy of their place in the sun? One remarkable and venerable charge against them is that they are "self-constituted." So are authors, apparently; yet nobody has ever thought of implying that they ought to be officially elected or appointed to their job. The truth is, while we do not think of authorship as requiring any special preparation, we feel that criticism needs much of it; and our resentment of the ignorant or bungling workman reacts in the form of adverse generalization:

> A man must serve his time to every trade
> Save censure—critics all are ready made,

says Byron, being very angry indeed with his Scotch reviewers. And in due course we get the same thing from Lowell, with trimmings:

> Nature fits all her children with something to do.
> He who would write and can't write can surely review,
> Can set up his small booth as critic and sell us his
> Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies:
> Thus a lawyer's apprentice just out of his teens
> Will do for the Jeffrey of six magazines.

"He who would write and can't write"—here is another familiar article of our authorly indictment. And this again Pope puts with his unfailing neatness:

> Let such teach others who themselves excel,
> And censure freely who have written well.

But, with his usual common-sense, or, if you like, his instinct for playing safe, he makes it clear that success in authorship is not necessarily a preparation for criticism. That it is not has been freshly demonstrated by the recent comments of several popular American novelists upon the sad estate of our criticism in America—with illustrations of the way in which the business of criticism should be done. The results are not happier than they commonly have been in such circumstances. It is an odd fact that when, in perfectly good faith, an author goes out for the reviewers, he will shortly be found advertising his misjudgments of fellow-authors. Byron, you recall, apropos of the ignorance and impotence of his Scotchmen, pronounces Gifford "greater far" than Burns, highly praises the genius of certain gentlemen named Sotheby, Macneil, and Shee, and, invoking renewed efforts on the part of these and other worthy "associate bards," adds the solemn warning:

> Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
> The meanest object of the lowly group.

II.

But let us have done with the poets and the past and turn an eye of inquiry upon the situation as it stands at present. Assuming that there ought to be an honest and useful criticism of the contemporary, do we really fail so lamentably of getting it? And if so, what do we get in its place?

One or two charges have vanished with vanishing conditions. If Curll and his hirelings have their representatives among us, their methods are at least more subtle in offensiveness. The paid thug of literature is no more. The gentleman adventurer with the dripping blade has disappeared with the vogue of "slashing" criticism. Current complaint is rather the other way about: that the reviewers are too timid, and dull, and ladylike. Mr. Owen Wister makes this weakness the chief basis of an uncommonly sad-eyed view of American criticism. That criticism is, he says, beneath contempt; partly because of the mercenary publisher and his subsidized press, but mainly because of a total lack of candor and courage on the part of the "genteel critic," whose gingerly methods make him and his trade a laughing-stock

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among all good authors. The trouble with these gentry, we gather, is not that they lack standards, but that they stick too close to them. Mr. Wister happened to be aiming at the critics of America; but it is a popular sport in England also to hunt these small fowl with a blunderbuss. An Englishwoman begins a recent article in the *New Republic* in these manly terms: "The cretinous butlers who make up the mass of respectable English critics——" There we are, at best—conventional, genteel, respectable: England's cretinous butlers are, one discovers, so termed because they have not done justice to Mr. Wells and his "novel of ideas"; and because they are now "attempting to object" (mark the imputation of infinite feebleness in that "attempting") to "The Research Magnificent." No butler is stipulated; as usual, a vague race of menials is at fault. Whether you call them the critics or the reviewers or the butlers is a matter of taste. Here is the specific charge against them in this instance: "Mr. Wells," they say, "allows himself to fall into disquisitions. Ideas have no place in a novel." They say! It would be an instructive list—the personæ of that chorus of butlers which was capable of this remarkable dictum. I suspect we should have to be content with names like the Sneer and Dangle of Sheridan, or with figures like the amusing critical gentlemen in "Fanny's First Play," who, however unmistakably "after" certain models, are still more unmistakably "the critics" of popular scorn.

It is, when all is said, a striking fact, and an evidence of our need of them, that in the face of this venerable consensus of adverse opinion, the critics do somehow persist. Nobody is supposed to pay much attention to them. We all "know what we like." Publishers let it be understood that reviews are of little importance to them in selling a book. It is true they appear to find advertising value in reprinted fragments from the most flattering, if not most judicial, notices the clipping-bureaus are able to unearth. Perhaps it will be discovered some day that the professional clippers are the only readers of reviews! But there are signs to the contrary. The public now and then betrays itself by letters, congratulatory or remonstrant (chiefly the latter) addressed to editors, or even to the reviewer. In them the illuminating fact is continually enforced that criticism and censure, once synonyms with the sense of appraisal, have taken the downward course still hand in hand. In colloquial use, the word criticism is now well-nigh beyond rescue, and not only in America. An English correspondent of the *Nation* has recently reported of Lord Derby, as a tribute, that he is "indifferent to criticism!" In popular esteem the critic is, ex-officio, a fault-finder.

But he persists; he is in some sort of queer roundabout demand. This patent fact ought to help dispose of the parasite theory; there are ways of dealing with such creatures. If the reviewers, as a class, were merely a species of aphids, sucking the juices of contemporary letters and leaving a trail of dead leaves behind, we should have found a powder or a spray to take care of them. Even harder to prove would be that other ancient theory of a babbling impotence upon which I have already cited the poets—a theory of the reviewers as a race of failures who are reduced to the easy business of criticism because they have failed at the hard business of authorship. We need not go into the question which has so often been answered to the satisfaction of critics—as to whether criticism is an art of equal dignity with other arts. That, I should expect to be told, is a question which concerns the Critic, and not the critics. What I am speaking up for here is a decent grade of reviewing as compared, if you like, with a decent grade of authorship. For the neatest, if not the last, word in this connection we are driven back to Pope once more:

> In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
> True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
> Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
> These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Few reach the heights in either field. We do not treat as contemptible every work of "creative" art which fails of being a masterpiece. The reviewer has his labor, too, and his relative successes. It is reasonable to suppose that honest and intelligent reviewing is as difficult a business, at least, as honest and intelligent authorship. Who can add anything to Bagehot's well-known comment on that head? "We are surprised at first sight that writers should wish to comment on one another—it appears a tedious mode of stating opinions, and a needless confusion of personal facts with abstract arguments: and some, especially authors who have been censured, say that the cause is laziness; that it is easier to write a review than a book; and that reviewers are, as Coleridge declared, a species of maggots, inferior to bookworms, living on the delicious brains of real genius. Indeed, it *would* be very nice, but our world is so imperfect! The idea is wholly false. Doubtless, it is easier to write one review than one book; but not, which is the real case, many reviews than one book."

Well, that was written sixty years ago, and the social standing of the reviewers in the community of letters appears to have improved very little. They remain the jest of popular authors, "the scorn of the dolt who has written a treatise," and the disowned poor relations of the Critic. Heaven defend Him from being confounded with them! A recent essay in the *Nation*, which is a model of close-wrought criticism of the contemporary, begins, quite naturally, in these terms: "The layman who listens reverently to the reviewers discussing the new novels——" So careful must one be of one's amateur standing! "The reviewers," "the critics"—here we are again. There is, of course, no animus in Mr. Sherman's allusion; as the context shows, it is simply a good-humored recognition of the fact that, as a rule, the reviewers, when they try to be serious, go solemnly wrong. From a layman something may at least be hoped for.

III.

This brings us once more to the central fact. Reviewing has to be done; some sort of estimate is bound to be made of new books, new writers, new movements. And the mass of such reviewing is sure to be done by a limited number of persons who in some sense make a specialty of it. Some of them are stupid, a few, no doubt, are venal; some, on the other hand, are honest and intelligent. These last, in the light of history, can hardly aspire to make themselves loved; but it might be of advantage to all concerned if they could get themselves recognized. Alas, there is no easily recognizable standard of work. That public which scorns the reviewing it gets has the vaguest of notions as to the reviewing it ought to get, and no notion at all as to where to find it. Anything that looks like criticism *is* criticism. Anybody who writes anything that looks like criticism is a critic. A good many such persons are evidently fools, and their opinions worthless. Therefore criticism is futile.

Such is the confused reasoning which obtains even in many minds which have a dim perception of what criticism might be. How shall we account for it? I think the survival of the anonymous method in reviewing has indirectly much to answer for. Safe enough in the hands of responsible editors, it is the easiest cover for sham reviewing in unscrupulous quarters. If the office boy or the cub reporter had to sign the nonsense he turns out in the name of criticism, one standing jest of the "newspaper business" would be no more. Nothing is easier than to build a paragraph which will look like a review to him who reads while he runs. A few glib sentences dotted with property words like "virile" and "vital" and "convincing" and "compelling," will do for verse or fiction; while for solider stuff there are "objective" and "synthetic" and "abstract" and "academic" and "milieu" and the verities and eternities, and, to clinch matters, some thumper like "architectonic." The superior layman sees through this kind of thing easily enough, but what can his humbler brother make of it—the general reader to whom, unless his theme lie in the domain of pure scholarship, the reviewer properly addresses himself?

To add to his uncertainty as to what he is getting, we have that little game of the publishers which may be played so safely under the shelter of anonymity, and which leaves the editor and his boy and his cub so comfortably free even from the task of "faking" criticism. It is not a widely advertised game. I wonder how many of the laymen, whether writers or not, who may read this article are familiar with the "reading-notices" which are so obligingly sent out to the "literary editors" of the newspapers from the publishing offices? They are commonly printed in galley form, ready for

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the make-up of the literary page or supplement, where there will be nothing to prevent the reader from taking them as the work of the reviewing staff of the newspaper. In fact, that is the game. And there are refinements. Such notices are always laudatory in effect, but the publisher's advertising expert often takes pains to give them an air of judicial scrutiny: he can perform also, on occasion, in the jaunty medium of the newspaper man. Dishonest? I have heard this practice defended in the offices of one of the most respected publishers in America: A generous hand extended to the busy editor. . . . A mutually helpful bit of machinery . . . that was all. "But how about the public, which is supposed to be getting criticism?" I remember asking. That, I gathered, was a question of purely academic interest—nobody was deceived anyhow! Yet I have seen these notices printed indistinguishably with staff reviews on the literary page of one of the most respected of our newspapers—a page signed with the initials of the "literary editor." One publisher's man has defended the theory of the reading-notice to me on the ground that a new book is news, and a newspaper reviewer's business is simply to inform the public about it as news. A good deal may be said for that opinion: plain news is certainly better than sham criticism. But the fact remains that the news this publisher's man turns over to the editors is invariably given the color of criticism. In effect, it is free advertising.

Now what concerns us here is not to connect the idea of a deep, dark perfidy with the names of publisher and editor. But it would seem, at least, that the line of least resistance has been too readily followed in these matters, with the effect of a notable contribution to the stultification of our criticism as a whole. The open and (according to current advertising ethics) legitimate puffery of their wares by publishers and magazine editors has also its unlucky influence. It may seem that, in this handling, the greatest novel of the year, or the most epoch-making book of poetry in a decade, is merely placed on a par with the purest soap ever made, or the only automobile worth driving. But there is a fatal difference. A work of art can be advertised, in the last analysis, only on æsthetic grounds. Hence the befuddling influence of that touting in the form of dogmatic criticism with which our cheaper magazines are larded. We must throw out this whole body of sham criticism before we can hope to assess our honest reviewing.

IV.

The main charge against current criticism is, as we have noted, that it is feeble and dull-eyed. It does not hail, or even ardently wish to hail, fresh signs of genius. It clings to the old street-corners, talks the old patter, and takes up a new author only under the confirmed pressure of public opinion. Even in the higher walks, if they may be facetiously so called, even among the "genteel" critics, there is nothing better to look for. "They do, tepidly, discriminate," admits Mr. Wister, "they do, *after the fact*, perceive and praise merit." After what fact? the reader may find himself wondering over these italics. The answer is explicit enough: "A true American artist always receives the support of our genteel critics after he no longer needs it." That is, an artist may legitimately look to American criticism for encouragement at the outset, and for help in getting a hearing. After he has found his market, he is no longer in need of criticism! The reviewer may thenceforth take him for granted, and proceed with his proper business of critical advance-agent for the newcomers. When an American of Mr. Wister's attainment can base his judgment of criticism upon so gross a misapprehension, how can the general be expected to understand what that criticism is trying to do? Surely the critic's last duty is to encourage or support any artist; though to know that he has happened to be of use in that way is perhaps his sweetest reward.

Does not this sort of misprision, also, account in part for the general belittling of the reviewer's work? That an important part of his function is to "boost" contemporary literature—whether, as some authors appear to think, by encouraging authors, or, as some publishers appear to think, by assisting the sales of books, or, as some editors appear to think, by keeping the publishers good-natured—these strange misconceptions of his office can hardly tend to make the critic respected, however he may be judged to perform his part. If reviewers are nothing better than a species of middlemen, the less said about them the better; they are bound to be despised in the very quarters where, for the moment, they may be making themselves most useful.

As for the contention that the better order of contemporary criticism is in the habit of failing to recognize new merit, this must remain a contention until some one has taken the trouble to prove it by an array of facts. It is necessarily true that responsible critics, unlike the publishers, come upon few fresh masterpieces in the course of the year's work. But that they do not desire, are not pathetically on the scent for, such finds, may be ranked with the popular notion that theatrical managers do not want good plays, or that magazine editors only look at the names of their contributors, or that criticism and fault-finding are the same thing. Responsible critics, reviewers who do not merely apply a fancy handle, "impressionistic" or what-not, to the "I know what I like" of the unlettered, are necessarily conservative in the sense of wishing to base their judgments upon a knowledge of other literatures, and even of our own literature in other times. To such a judgment there are fewer new things under the sun than to one which simply compares the books of this year with the books of last year.

V.

I do not recall that it has ever occurred to the critics that they ought to have anything in the way of direct encouragement or support; certainly it has never occurred to anybody else! They have their work to do and their chances to take, like other people. Their work is not of a kind to win general plaudits, at any time. It appears to be undergoing just now one of those waves of depreciation which are likely to recur at times when real criticism is especially needed. In America, certainly, critical performance has never been more honest or intelligent than it is at present. Charlatans there are in this profession as in every other. And, for reasons which I have rehearsed, it is unluckily true that there are special facilities for fraud here, with a consequent cheapening of the profession as a whole. I do not see that there is any specific remedy for this condition unless as it may lie in the growth of a more general desire to distinguish sound work in criticism from unsound. I believe that we have in America a considerable body of honest and hard-working and fairly intelligent reviewers. They are scattered, they are often anonymous, they have too little solidarity of any kind. But they persist, they make themselves felt after a fashion—they fairly deserve, I believe, as a sort of negative reward, the dropping of our inherited assumption that the only criticism which may safely be dismissed on sight is the criticism of the persons who make a business of it.

Correspondence.

"GODPARENTS" TO SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The anonymous letter from a friend of the Allies published in the current *Nation*, as well as some earlier letters of the same sort, imply that American well-wishers of the Allies are sometimes uncertain as to the precise use and destination to which their gifts would best be contributed. I venture, therefore, to suggest that there is perhaps no more direct and certain means of making good-will and a little money count than to become "godfather" or "godmother" to a soldier in the trenches who, coming from one of the invaded departments of northern France, has lost his property, his home, his family, in a word, his material and moral support. The duties involved in adopting a "godson" are to correspond with him and send him from time to time such clothing and "goodies" as a man would naturally receive from his family. L'Aide Mutualiste des Soldats du Nord, 18 rue de Varenne, Paris, will send to any would-be godparent the address of such a soldier. Packages for soldiers sent in care of the War Relief Clearing House, 150 Bank Street, New York, will be carried free of charge to their destination, provided they do not contain tobacco. I have two such "godsons," and their gratitude is touching. Moreover, one reaps an immediate reward in their very interesting letters. B. D. C.

New York, January 9.

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MR. SHERMAN RETURNS TO "WELLS VS. BENNETT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I fancy the questions proposed by Mrs. Gerould in the *Nation* of January 6 with reference to Wells and Bennett were directed at some fair-minded third person rather than at me. My regret, however, for having interested her "to the point of wrath" prompted me to study her letter with care in order to discover the head and front of my offence. I was surprised to find how large a portion of it was occupied by the discussion of points on which we are in substantial agreement. It may simplify the task of the referee if I say that in my judgment our essential differences are two—one a difference of taste and the other a difference of opinion.

The difference of taste concerns Mr. Wells. I think Mrs. Gerould has not observed how perfectly we agree about him—up to a certain point. We agree that the interests of Mr. Wells are "seraphic," and that his novels are not realistic. I cannot help wishing that she would turn back to the *Nation* of May 20, 1915, and see how earnestly I there plead for the recognition of Mr. Wells as a "Georgian angel." I admit that I come nearer doing full justice to his seraphic quality in that earlier and more extended treatment. Yet in this recent article have I not mentioned his "celestial mind" and his yearning for "divine efficiency" and "divine ecstasy," and have I not spoken of his characters as "scientific angels"? I should never dream of applying these skyey epithets to Mr. Bennett. Why, then, does Mrs. Gerould interject the note of argumentation and reproach when she declares that "Mr. Wells's interests are seraphic, compared with his" [Mr. Bennett's]? I went on to point out that Mr. Wells's seraphic intentions make it impossible for him to write a realistic novel. Again Mrs. Gerould agrees, at least to the extent of saying that Mr. Wells's women are generally "distinctly unpleasant, when they are not *perfectly unreal.*" We come now to the point of disagreement: Mrs. Gerould apparently has a taste for seraphic, unrealistic novels; and I have not. Consequently she likes "The Research Magnificent"; and I do not. That admired work impresses me as a flimsy improvisation, not merely in comparison with "The Old Wives' Tale," but also in comparison with some of Mr. Wells's own novels—for instance, "The New Machiavelli." Its hero is a notably attenuated and bloodless presentment of the only type of man in which Mr. Wells has exhibited sustained interest: the rhapsodic dreamer who fails to govern his own household, but conceives that he has a mission to govern the world.

Our difference of opinion concerns Mr. Bennett and his work. Mrs. Gerould insists that Hilda is not a representative woman; and she considers the popular distinctions between the Eternal-Feminine and the Eternal-Masculine "twaddle." I incline to believe these popular distinctions fairly sound; and I seem to see a procession of Hildas extending from my own town to prehistoric Rome. When the Sabine pacifists rushed between the spears of their husbands and their fathers—shielded by their sex—they acted like Hilda. When the militant suffragists poured tar into the mailboxes and slashed portraits in the National Gallery—relying on their sex to mitigate their punishment—they were carrying to extremes the tactics of Hilda. In the shock of frustrated battle, in the thick of flying hatchets, I imagine the ancient Roman and the modern English men did not admire the intrepidity of their women. I imagine that their first feeling was a "hot fit of indignation"; for I am sure that everywhere, outside the godlike calm of Princeton, men—even Prime Ministers—are subject to hot fits of indignation. This mood in time gave way to the mood of forgiveness—not of justification. The resultant attitude of the Eternal-Masculine is what Mr. Bennett finely calls a "hostile love," or, as the Roman poet expresses it, *Odi et amo,* which, being interpreted, is "I hate the sin and love the sinner." That, as I take it, is the attitude of both Clayhanger and Mr. Bennett towards Hilda. I think it absurd to say that either Hilda or Clayhanger is steadily held up to admiration. I am not perfectly convinced regarding Hilda's alleged charm; but I recognize Mr. Bennett's critical force in his unsparing exposure of the egotism of both hero and heroine; just as I recognize it in his exposure of the pathetic spiritual and intellectual poverty of Constance and Sophia clinging to their little cluster of homely virtues, and, as I have said, starving in their respectability.

To come a little nearer home, when Miss Rebecca West penned that jolly passage about the demands of the young and the sexual regularity of the governing classes, she was writing with the logical coherence of Hilda. When Mrs. Gerould, with the perhaps praiseworthy intention of holding up to scorn my "Voltairean laughter," requoted the passage, but clipped off its ludicrous queue, she was employing the slightly "unscrupulous" methods of Hilda. It is quite possible that my opinion of "The Research Magnificent" may be unsound and that it ought to be discredited; yet Mrs. Gerould's intimation to every "honest reader" that I have not read the book reminds me in the strangest way of Hilda. I detect also a trace of that able strategist's "shifty evasiveness" in Mrs. Gerould's contention that the characters in the Clayhanger trilogy are destitute of spiritual experience—the hero (parenthetically) excepted! Perhaps the exception does not affect the argument, but it affects me as if I had heard some one say, "The bridal couple lacked manliness—except the groom." To Mrs. Gerould's final and skilfully worded question whether it "is necessary, in order to damn Mr. Wells, to exalt Mr. Bennett *for qualities that he does not possess,*" it is a pleasure to answer with an unequivocal no.

In conclusion I should like to raise one question on my own account. Why do all the admirers of Mr. Wells, including Mrs. Gerould, speak so disrespectfully of common-sense? To my obtuse mind, the common-sense of mankind appears to be its one priceless possession. It is the force which makes conventions effective, and I am almost ready to say with an old friend of mine that it is the permanent and awful element in religion. It has indeed the elusiveness and evanescence which we attribute to spiritual beings. In some seasons it tarries for a long time like a familiar friend by our firesides. Sometimes it is driven down the wind by an invasion of strange dreams and desires; and it vanishes from the earth, leaving a whole generation of the "young" confusedly "demanding" clear thinking and a clean-cut plan from the governing classes, and for themselves unlimited liberty for planless adventure, Socialism in the state and anarchy in the individual.

Stuart P. Sherman.

Urbana, Ill., January 9.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the discussion regarding books for children, there is a period in their literary life which seems to have been passed over—the period between eleven or twelve and, say, sixteen years. It is a period of graduation from the books mentioned by Mr. More, and I believe it is usually ignored in any discussion of children's books. Obviously, we argue that the taste of a child well read up to twelve years is formed. The child, we say, at that age turns to our libraries, and can be trusted to browse. But if, instead of turning to the library shelves, furnished with as much pride as we have furnished our house, he stops at the library table and picks up what we are actually reading as well as dusting, what does he find? My own experience in browsing on library tables leads me to pessimistic views regarding the literary diet of many children from twelve to sixteen.

From cultivated homes issue intellectually cocksure college graduates, men and women, who can't stand Dickens, go to sleep over Scott, and never heard of Cooper. Your son may give his fiancée a set of Jane Austen, because the illustrations are "so quaint." But quote, in an unguarded moment, a sentence of Mr. Woodhouse, before a group of young friends, and you will feel very old.

Though a thorough believer in all Mr. More says, it is the library table that haunts me.

Susan H. Hinkley.

Cambridge, Mass., January 4.

THE USONIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was a splendid burst of patriotism in which Mayor Blankenburg urged, a few days ago, that we should all cease to remember our racial origins and think of ourselves as pure Americans. But the same day's newspapers which contain his speech contain also the protest—and the perfectly justified protest—of the Canadians against the habit which the Unitedstatesians have of arrogating to themselves the name American. No doubt the Mexicans have protested, too, upon occasion, and also the Chilians and the Ecuadorians, and the Argentinians—they have all an inalienable right to the name. In a newspaper, of the same date, as it happens, it was stated, in a letter describing the state of things in Paris, that the hotels are suffering from the loss of the "North Americans." This is no better, for *North Americans* is very suggestive of wild Indians, and it does not in any case enable us to separate ourselves from our neighbors, the Canadians and the Mexicans, with whom, in this age of wars, we may at any time have to be fighting.

Who are these delegates who have just visited us for the sake of taking part in a splendid Pan-American Congress? Are they not one and all Americans? Is it not extremely discourteous (at a time when we particularly wish to cement friendly relations with them) for us to proclaim that the name belongs to us? It is never too early, in the interest of lasting peace, to begin removing chronic sources of irritation.

It is certainly an absurdity for a great nation not to be able to offer its inhabitants a distinctive name. There is nothing for it, in this case, but to adopt (until some one has something better to propose) the name which has been devised for this purpose by the

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makers of the scientific auxiliary international languages, Usonians—that is, inhabitants of the United States of North America.

At this moment—with the rest of the "Americans" about to visit us—a decent modesty would seem to suggest that we should discuss the proposal seriously. It is true that the Government made it official a few years ago that we are to be known as Americans (being anxious, if I remember aright, to occupy the front seats at a convention at The Hague, instead of coming in with the U's), but this is an impertinence that could be remedied upon demand. Far more difficult modifications of language than this one which I propose are taking place all around us every day, and with less urgent need. Let some one, for instance, write a novel with the caption which I have put at the head of this letter and the thing would be done.

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

Columbia University, December 14, 1915.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have we as a nation done our duty during these terrible times? Have we been true to our ideals, and shall we find, when the tempest is over, our moral standard floating higher and more bravely before the world?

Ours is not a parliamentary republic; the relation of the President to the people is totally different from that of the King of England or the President of the French republic. During his term of office, the President of the United States governs much more like an autocrat than like the head of a parliamentary government. Like himself, his Cabinet is absolutely beyond the reach of a vote by Congress—no majority vote against it in either House could ever force it to resign. That great power and independence given to the President also entail heavy responsibilities which the heads of parliamentary governments do not share in anything like the same degree.

For the average American citizen, the President, besides being the Chief Executive, is also and above all the custodian, the high priest of the ideals, the moral aspirations, of the country. These have been given unto him for safe keeping and fostering—the people look to him for guidance.

Has Mr. Wilson been true to his trust? Has he shown the moral side of the issues at stake so that our people could be helped in forming their judgment, and also helped to see as clearly as possible what our country has always stood for, and how those ideals are affected by the present conflict?

Try as one may to find arguments in favor of the President's position, the answer must be emphatically negative.

It is not a question of this country taking an active part in the war. It is a material impossibility for the Teutonic Powers, with their fleet bottled up in their home ports, to attack this country, and it would seem a moral impossibility for this country to join the side of Germany. But, apart from active participation in a conflict, a country has moral obligations to itself and to the world at large, and Mr. Wilson has emphasized those obligations when, after the murder of Madero, he refused all recognition to the Huerta Administration.

If we refuse to have any dealings with a *de facto* ruler in one country for moral reasons, ought we not, *a fortiori*, to stop all intercourse with a country whose Government has broken all recognized rules of international warfare, and begun war by the invasion of a small, peaceful country, the neutrality of which was recognized by the signature of the United States in the conventions at The Hague, where we had advocated an international guarantee for neutral countries? When, after the invasion of Belgium, no protest was lodged against the violation of a neutral territory or the frightful atrocities committed by the invaders; when, after the facts were duly established as to the sinking of the Lusitania, the representatives of Germany were not handed their passports, but were permitted to remain in this country to spy and plot, the nation that went to war to free its black population was certainly keeping its moral standard carefully rolled up in its weather-proof casing, and all true Americans were not holding their heads any higher.

E. DUPLESSIS BEYLARD.

San Francisco, January 4.

Literature

WAR DAYS THAT WERE LIVED.

Paris Reborn. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

Les Parisiens pendant l'état de siège. Par Raymond Séris et Jean Aubry, préface de Maurice Barrès. Photo-illustration. Paris: Berger-Lévrault. 3.50 francs.

Tous les Journaux du Front. Paris: Berger-Lévrault. 3 francs.

Les Allemands à Louvain—Souvenirs d'un témoin. Par Hervé de Gruben. Paris: Librairie Plon. 2 francs.

Dixmude: Un chapitre de l'histoire des Fusiliers Marins. Par Charles Le Goffic. Paris: Librairie Plon. 3 francs.

Here are books which have for their authors men who write "I was there" and "I saw." Such books are wanted for living impressions of the first war months in realizable scenes: not sensational, though there is journalism in some of them; and not unrestrained or purple-patched, but impressive with things seen and felt.

The American's book is dedicated to all those who, like himself, had opportunity and courage to "remain in Paris during the trying days of August and September, 1914." Two French journalists publish their reports of the same months, with a few notes of those days from Maurice Barrès by way of preface. A brightly printed book has been made from papers which soldiers at the front edit for pastime and good cheer during their long waits in the trenches. A student of Louvain—an inmate of the Red Cross hospital during the days of "frightfulness"—tells their history as an eye-witness, guaranteed by the president of the Higher Institute of Philosophy of that University, in whose building the Red Cross had its quarters. And, from October 7 to November 10, 1914, the heroic life and death at Dixmude is told, mainly from their own words, of the decimated Marine Fusiliers to whom Gen. Joffre said: "You are my best foot-soldiers."

We may pass over Mr. Gibbons's sub-title, "A Study of Civic Psychology," as scientific slang which it may be hoped war will sweep from literature; and it ought also to be observed that Paris cannot have been properly "reborn," since, if its citizens now quit themselves like men in their country's need, they must have had the making of men in them beforehand. The book really tells—in part—how the French have taken Paris. Cosmopolis, with its dilettante show and pretence, vanished in the storm and left those whose lives are rooted there to go forth as they have always done to their untheatrical work at morning and unto the evening. Of this true Paris, thanks to the war, our American has more than a glimpse, however narrow the opening. Evidently, he is of that curiously foreign *enclave* which is still more curiously called the American Latin Quarter. For actual impressions of exciting events on an American mind, not too unsophisticated, his book is one of those best worth reading—and there are now many books describing such days.

"Paris answers the call to mobilize"—"the day of the Belgian ultimatum"—"the first disillusionment"—"the Government leaves us"—"Paris prepares to receive the Germans"—"after the battle of the Marne"—"the Tauben return"—"Red Cross and *réclame* (!) and red tape"—"winter clothing for the *piou-pious*"—"The Christmas midnight mass at Notre Dame"—are a few chapter titles. For enlightening comparison, here are parallel lines of Mr. Gibbons's impression and the two French journalists' report of a like phase of popular effervescence at the first sudden call to arms:

> We got into the maelstrom as it swept down the *grands boulevards* towards the Place de l'Opéra. The dives of Paris had poured out their product—the same type as in all great cities. Patriotism was seized upon as the excuse for loot and destruction. It is astonishing how contamination spreads. Respectable men and boys—even respectable women—caught the mob spirit.
>
> Robbed of their objective by the closing of cafés, the mob began to break into shops supposed to be German or Austrian. It needed only the unsupported affirmation of some irresponsible person to start an attack. From the very beginning, the police were powerless to protect Appenrodt's and the Cristallerie de Karlsbad on the Boulevard des Italiens. We saw one stone fired, then another, and after that there was no stopping the mob. Mounted cavalry appeared. It was too late. They were unwilling to ride down the crowd or fire into it. No gentler measure would have sufficed. The city of Paris will have a large bill of damages to pay when this night's are settled ("Paris Reborn," page 28).

The French reporters entitle such episodes *petites émeutes* (p. 27); and, indeed, they have been forgotten in the overpowering shadows of darker events at the battle-front. Appenrodt's has been long reopened with the conspicuous notice, "House entirely Eng-

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lish." The French report takes a milk company having outputs throughout Paris and purporting to be Swiss, but accused of being German in capital and direction. The snapshot photograph shows a rather tame crowd proceeding to tear down the shop sign:

August 3, towards three o'clock of the afternoon, an old lady dressed in black, with a bonnet adorned with roses and wide ribbons tied in a knot under her chin, went up to the laboratory of the Société Maggi, rue Rochechouart. Lifting a solid-handled umbrella, she struck with all her strength at the great show-window pane, which fell in fragments. The noise of smashing glass further excited her and she began hammering with one arm after the other, crying—*à bas les Allemands!*

Bystanders gathered, neighbors came out of the houses. Without stopping her work of destruction, the old lady explained: "The directors of the Société Maggi are German spies! Yesterday, the police caught one of them at the Gare du Nord just as he was taking the train to Berlin. He was carrying away with him a box containing eight millions in gold!" The nearest bystanders received this frightful revelation and passed it on to the others, doubling the figure. The eight millions were soon capitalized by heated brains to forty millions.

A dozen young fellows came down the rue Condorcet. They were singing the "Marseillaise" and crying—"Down with Germany!"

The old lady communicated to them her devastating ardor. They set about the search for projectiles.

Policemen came with an officer at their head. After standing on guard for three hours, the officer ordered them away. Five or six policemen stayed to keep back a crowd swiftly swelling with every passer-by.

The demonstration started up anew, more violent than ever. By the opening that had been made, a young man got into the laboratory and threw out chairs and table. They were piled together in the little open space formed by the crossing of the rue Rochechouart and the rue Condorcet. The leaves of the account books of the house served for kindling. Round the bonfire men, women, and children danced and sang the "Marseillaise." In the evening and night all the shops with a "Bon Lait Maggi" sign underwent the laboratory's fate.

It was enough for one in a crowd to say: "There's a German house!"—for it to be sacked forthwith. They made deplorable mistakes in their zeal. Pillagers mingled with the crowds which were acting through hatred of the Germans.

The police intervened late, but with decision and vigor. The next day the Prefecture of Police had it posted up that those guilty of pillage or seditious cries or singing would be at once court-martialled. Alongside, another poster appealed to the spirit of order and patriotism of the citizens. To the combined effect of these was owing the salvation of many shop-fronts of friends and of enemies.

One of Mr. Gibbons's pages might well have been left unprinted, the more so as his publisher has thought it right to take it from its context and send it to reviewers as a "passage possibly worth quoting." It is not a Paris impression at all, but a judgment of things of which no personal knowledge could be had in Paris. It seems based on previous judgments formed by the author in Constantinople:

It is a curious fact, however, that practically every story of German cruelty and destruction I have heard before. During the wars of the Balkan peninsula, "they said" the same stories. I mean the stories in their *exact form*, just as they are being retailed to us here in Paris! . . .

The publisher omits the next lines, which soften, though insufficiently, this surprising dismissal of the evidence in the case. The chapter is dated "September twenty-second, 1914." Was it worth publishing a year later after the Bryce report and the five official reports of the French Government and the score and more of Belgian official reports, after the book of Professor Bédier, with its facsimile of German documents and his crushing reply to German attempts at justification, and the account long since published and reviewed here (*Nation*, March 25, 1915) by a neutral eye-witness, a professor of science in Holland, Dr. Grondrijs? It is too often forgotten that no negotiations for peace can be made into which all this official evidence, and much not yet published, is not taken in the balance.

This brings us to a new and concordant account by another witness who was forced to share in events so airily dismissed. After the four chapters in which he has the right to say "I was there" and "I saw"—Louvain in the first days of war; the German occupation; sacking of the city; after the tragic week—Hervé de Gruben may well give his own summary of the case against invaders who were neither of the Balkan civilization nor of the age of war customs before Grotius wrote. He, at least, cannot accept the German palliation, "War is war!"

The reprisals exercised by Germans are systematic and not sudden explosions of anger; but they are developed uniformly after a settled plan practiced everywhere with the same method—a part of an ordered whole.

They are frightful, too, these reprisals. At Andenne as at Tamines, at Dinant as at Louvain, they heaped up ruins and made hundreds of victims.

This member of the Red Cross who saw it scouted and profaned has the right to ask questions which all of us insist must be answered some time:

Why should the least annoyance experienced by the German army demand as a reparation such hecatombs and sacrifices? In the proclamations of its generals, the German army is promoted to the rank of a divinity. A divinity frightful surely, for it exacts, the moment it feels itself injured, the destruction of flourishing villages and entire cities. . . . A monstrous divinity too, devoid of the essential attribute of the true God—justice. Blind are its rigors, striking together and indiscriminately innocent and guilty. All the monuments it may reduce to ashes are worth not the bones of a German soldier (Gen. von Bissing's proclamation in the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* weekly edition, No. 33, September 17, 1914, page 13).

Is this idolatrous, fierce worship given to the army simply a creation of Prussian Militarism? . . .

Or, while Prussian in its origin, has it become an integral part of more general ideas common to all Germany? . . .

In German political theories we have to seek the first explanation, not of isolated facts, but of the total of the atrocities, of the "system" which was applied to Belgium to make her expiate her resistance.

CURRENT FICTION.

Pelle the Conqueror: The Great Struggle. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Just a year ago appeared the second volume of this work, sub-titled "Apprenticeship"; the fourth and last, "Victory," is promised in English for next autumn. Pelle may be recalled as a peasant lad born on a barren Danish island, and bred in a squalor which does not stifle his inborn force, any more than it has destroyed the natural human sweetness of his father, absurd old Lasse, the cowherd. The book of his "apprenticeship" begins with his leaving the island for the provincial town where he was to learn shoemaking, and woman's love, and the hollowness of vice, and hatred of tyranny. His first reaction from the discovery that poor men are not properly paid for their toil was to desert outright and become a drunken idler. A woman shamed him back to the path of decency, but he followed it, as yet, without real intelligence. "It is still of self that he thinks, though of self-triumphing over other selves, over hostile things." For the injustices of the social order, though they more and more excite him, he sees no remedy. At the end of the volume, he is setting out for Christiania, the great capital of his dreams, where he is determined to snatch his share of wealth and power. So begins "the great struggle" recorded in the present volume.

Full of health and vitality, he is exhilarated by everything in the great city. The wretched slums in which he finds a corner do not dishearten him. His experience as a "sweated" laborer offends him chiefly because it has no future. But Christiania is in an industrial ferment, labor is organizing itself, and Pelle soon becomes a unit in the movement. His natural force quickly asserts itself, and he has already become a leader when happy marriage drugs him for a time; the phase passes, and he returns to the battle. His wife, though she has no interest in his cause, plays her part faithfully and without complaint. But Pelle is a marked man. As president of the union, he has difficulty in finding work, and a long strike brings the family to the edge of starvation. The young wife sells herself to get food for her husband and children. He discovers it and leaves her. Shortly afterwards, largely through Pelle's activity and leadership, the strike is ended, triumphantly for the workmen. But, just at the moment of triumph, a plausible

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charge is brought against Pelle as a common criminal. We part with him on the eve of his arrest, which will, he knows, mean five or six years in prison. We part with him, also, in the passionate arms of a young girl whom he has befriended as a child, and who offers herself to him in his hour of desolation. The incident is in harmony with the rest of the narrative, not because it is paralleled by many other incidents of the sort (there is none other in this volume), but because here, as elsewhere, sex is recognized as an element in life, not as its chief interest. Pelle is not erotic; Pelle's story is the story of a strong man marching steadily over many obstacles, of which passion is one, towards a worthy goal.

The Son of the Otter. By George van Schaick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. van Schaick has done something new. He has written a story of the great North in which the characters, not only in semblance but in spirit, are human beings. Somehow, from reading stories of the American sub-Arctic region, one gets the impression that it is inhabited solely by sentimentalized brutes, some walking on two legs, some on four. To most of the chroniclers of this vast country it seems to make little difference whether their hero is a dog, a wolf, or a man; his character in all these guises is essentially the same. Mr. van Schaick shows us among the Indians to the southeast of Hudson's Bay the human traits of responsibility, self-restraint, and recognition of moral and spiritual law. The story is one of spiritual struggle and victory in the breast of an inarticulate and half-civilized but heroic man. Ahteck, the Indian hero, is a really tragic figure. Like Œdipus, he unknowingly strikes down his own father, and believes that he has killed him. All the traditions of his race, reinforced in this respect by the teachings of the missionary priests, force upon him the belief that he must pay a terrible penalty. In his own eyes he becomes a man branded with the mark of Cain, upon whom some divine and special vengeance is certain sooner or later to fall. The priest to whom he confesses gives him hope, but will not grant him full absolution. Above all things, he is anxious that those who are dear to him shall not be involved in his punishment. Therefore he leaves his home and becomes a hunter and trapper, fearing to form any close associations, waiting in stoic patience for the blow. But it does not fall; his affairs prosper, and he is drawn against his will into human relations, though he struggles with blind and savage determination to remain isolated. Two great tests come to him; one when he is grossly insulted and struck by a half-drunken enemy. Filled with rage and conscious of his gigantic strength, he yet recognizes his imminent danger of committing another mortal sin; and, fearing this more than anything else in the world, he earns the contempt of his fellows by precipitate flight. The other test, still sharper, is the love of a girl whom he dare not marry lest he involve her in his evil fate. Drawn simply and boldly, without any heroics, the figure of Ahteck is extraordinarily impressive. Several of the other characters are equally well presented and alive. The unconventionality of the plot may be suggested by the remark that there is no villain. The style is plain and direct, with the restraint that gives evidence of reserve power.

Maria Again. By Mrs. John Lane. New York: John Lane Co.

Readers of "According to Maria" will recall her as a stalking-horse for Mrs. Lane's wit. For her reappearance, her author finds apology on the ground that humor also has its place in time of disaster; and cites as authority a remark once made to her by Bishop Brooks: "My child, we all of us have a duty of cheerfulness." Maria herself is a frank caricature of the shallow, worldly, middle-class British female. The wit of which she is in part the unconscious vehicle, in part the occasion, if it now and then sinks towards that bane of the woman-humorist, mere sprightliness, is, on the whole, the real thing. Apropos of Maria, the principal fashions and foibles of the day are amusingly satirized. Perhaps no one but a born American who was also a naturalized Londoner could have done just this thing. The opera, dinner parties, middle age, wedding presents, shopping, social position, are among the themes about which Mrs. Lane plays her darting and tiny yet keen searchlight of humor. The concluding papers, "A War Phase" and "On Doing Something," bring her to close quarters with the grim reality of the hour, and to a hint here and there of the seriousness which underlies true humor. So, after laughing at the absurdities of war fashions in dress among London women, she suggests: "After all, it also takes a kind of heroism to try your best to look pretty, even if your heart's breaking. It's only a woman's queer way of showing that she, too, is brave—just as our men are."

Hearts Steadfast. By Edward S. Moffat. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

In the historic pages of Mother Goose there is an old woman who, finding herself in a strange predicament, exclaimed: "I have no business here, but here I be." On the shelves of the self-respecting book-case such a novel as "Hearts Steadfast" has no business, but here it be, for it has many of the qualities which appeal to what the Country Parson used to call "veal," meaning those mentally immature. Fairly oozing sentimentality, "Hearts Steadfast" would not injure the morals of a ladybug. Its heroine, born in the purple, loses her money only to find it again after a brief career as a working woman. But while eating her white bread, Alva Leigh, half Spaniard, half New Englander, falls in love with a wonderfully beautiful youngster, whom the intuitional critic at once suspects, because he confesses to impecuniousness and yet is always clad, as to his feet, in what the author calls "silken stockings." With such tastes in footwear, Donald Jaffray, who "had to make his money quick," is doomed to a bad end; but Alva is both passionate and true, and when she hears of his death, determines to avenge him, taking one of the most circuitous ways to do it that was ever suggested to a Spanish-New England mind. So many strange things happen in this world that to be incredulous is to be stupid, but we refuse to believe that Alva let out all the water in Randall's tins as he was starting on that long journey through the Dead Horse Cañon, that she might punish him for Donald's murder. For she was head over heels in love with him, and even women with queenly heads and dark flashing eyes don't kill a live lover for a forgotten one. Mr. Moffat writes with such seriousness that to make light of his story is as bad as laughing in church.

RESOLUTE AMERICANISM.

A History of American Literature Since 1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

There is a stirring passage in "Leaves of Grass," in which Whitman salutes the dead poets, philosophs, priests, language-shapers on other shores; asserts, perhaps questionably, that he has perused what they have wafted hither; declares that nothing can be greater nor deserve more than it deserves; and, with a note that sounds for the moment like renunciation, concludes:

I regard it all intently a long while,
Then take my place for good with my own day and race here.

Literary historians, critics, and students in America have been reluctant hitherto to make the equivalent renunciation. Few scholars in the universities have cared or dared to break from the great band of "Chaucerians" and "Elizabethans," and to devote themselves for life to the literature of their own land. The orthodox explanation is that American literature is a part of English literature, and should always be so viewed. The effective explanation is that in academic quarters American literature is quite generally regarded as a short and relatively insignificant tributary, unprofitable to explore. Our native authors are perhaps too indifferent to be chilled by the critical disdain of the learned. They continue to conceive and bring forth abundantly without the mediation of the Doctors. If they find favor with the populace, they think they have appealed to Cæsar. It may be seriously questioned, however, whether the aloofness of our literary scholarship has not some bearing upon the constant production in America of highly remunerative "literature" below the level of critical consideration.

History teaches us that one way to estab-

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lish a new government is officially to recognize it. Professor Pattee's shining quality is the courage with which he "strikes up" for the literature of a new world. He has not written a perfunctory textbook. He has endeavored to create, describe, and establish for the critical consciousness the literary period which extends from about 1870 to approximately the end of the century. He indicates his point of view by calling this the National Period, and its predecessor the New England Period. The dominant figures in the earlier generation were Brahmins, Harvard men, New England provincials, superior to the democracy, conventional, ethical, dependent for their culture and inspiration upon Europe. He is concerned to show that the writers of the later generation were stimulated by the Civil War and its consequences, notably the westward migration, to a novel self-dependence, an original outlook, adventure, realism, variety, color, tang, idiom, tolerance, breadth, nationalism. Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Hay, Burroughs, Howells, Mrs. Freeman, P. L. Ford, Lanier, Page, Harris, Miss Murfree, O. Henry, and the rest have at last brought forth a distinctively American literature. Professor Pattee does not hesitate to assert that the period in which these writers emerge is "as yet the greatest in our literary history."

The special virtue and the special defect of the book both spring from the author's resolute Americanism. He does not, to be sure, shirk the task of the pure criticism which estimates intrinsic values. He firmly dedicates a half or three-quarters of the work of more than one popular poet to oblivion. Yet his major interest is topographical and historical. He values a writer for the vigor of his reaction against the traditional and conventional; for the energy with which he homesteads unappropriated American soil; for the new flowers that he adds to the national bouquet. What calls forth his enthusiasm is the entrance of a new Territory—one is tempted to say, a new village—into the literary Union. He recognizes with satisfaction a certain honest American quality in Mr. Howells, but cannot really "warm up to him." Mr. Howells's potential Western voice was too soon attenuated and mollified by the thin atmosphere of Boston; he represents the "classical reaction." So does Mr. Henry James; he unfortunately abdicates; he has nothing to say; and, with all his high literary conscience, his style at its best so distinguished, and his actual achievements in fiction and criticism, he makes nothing like the stir in Professor Pattee's court created by the really quite minor figure of Mr. George Cable. For Cable leads the way into the new fields of Southern romance:

> His gateway was old New Orleans, most romantic of Southern cities, unknown to Northern readers until his pen revealed it. It seemed hardly possible that the new world possessed such a Bagdad of wonder: old Spanish aristocracy, French chivalry of a forgotten *ancien régime*, creoles, Acadians from the Grand Pré dispersion, adventurers from all the picturesque parts of the earth, slavery, with its barbaric atmosphere and its shuddery background of dread, and behind it all and around it all, like a mighty moat shutting it close in upon itself and rendering all else in the world a mere hearsay and dream, the swamps and lagoons of the great river.

It is pretty clear that to our guide an indigenous weed smells sweeter than a transplanted and cultivated flower. He cannot resist the temptation to minimize the achievements of, say, Longfellow and Lowell, and to magnify the achievements of, say, Burroughs and Hay, who had the good fortune to flourish in what he conceives to be the true American era. There is something indeed of journalistic trick in his recurrent mention of Longfellow as the author of "Hyperion," the translator, the eastward-gazing mild New England scholar—as the foil, so to speak, to the authors of "autochthonic" pieces like "Jim Bludso" and "The Heroes of Oregon." The depreciation of Longfellow is in danger of going too far, and the attempt to fix his image and dismiss him as a dreamy German student is absurd. If one applied only the touchstone of Americanism fairly, and said nothing of intrinsic values, one would have to throw into the scale a good deal more than the "Pike County Ballads" and the effusions of the "Poet of the Sierras" to counterpoise the contributions to American literature made by the author of "Miles Standish," "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "Paul Revere's Ride," and "The Building of the Ship."

One is somewhat disposed, furthermore, to question the validity of the contrast between the New England Period and the National Period. If the latter term is meant only to imply that there was literary production at more points in the United States between 1870 and 1900 than between 1830 and 1870, one need not quarrel about it. But if it is meant to imply that Joaquin Miller is less provincial than Longfellow, Edward Eggleston less provincial than Cooper, Burroughs less provincial than Lowell, Lafcadio Hearn less provincial than Emerson, Mr. Cable less provincial than Hawthorne, Miss Murfree less provincial than Poe, Muir less provincial than Thoreau (quite highhandedly hauled by Professor Pattee into the "National Period")—we demur. Comparatively speaking, the writers of the elder generation thought more collectively, more centrally, with clearer national consciousness, and with more emphasis upon values that are permanent and universal. And if most of them resided in New England, New England was indubitably very near the centre of national consciousness. The immediate result for literature of the westward emigration and the waking up of the South seems to us to have been the exploitation of divers isolated and uncultivated provinces by "prospectors" for dialect and "local color," many of whom quickly skimmed the surface of their "claims," literally got rich quick, and went into literary bankruptcy. One could make a fair plea for calling it the period of exploration and literary colonization.

Several diverse phenomena of the period bear witness to the lack of a national conscience, if not a national consciousness, in literature. One of these is the immense prosperity of inexperienced young ladies, uneducated journalists, miners, amateur naturalists, cracker-barrel wits, and improvising minstrels. Another is the enormous overproduction to which every writer who scored a "hit" seems to have been stimulated by a good-natured public, enterprising publishers, and the facilities afforded by our swarming magazines. A third is the long line of short-story writers who attempted the novel, and from lack of experience and lack of craftsmanship failed, and yet continued to produce and to sell. A fourth is the absence of professional traditions, progress in technique, continuity of effort from author to author, the establishment of standard forms corresponding to the Victorian novel, Tennysonian verse, Ruskinian prose—the completion, in short, of adventured enterprise and initiated movement; so that at the close of the era one is almost as much at liberty to write a bad book as at its beginning. In the failure of a national conscience to overbrood and restrain, there has been a long holiday for the journalistic, the enthusiastic, the impatient, the spasmodic. If one seeks confirmation for this explanation, one need not look much farther than pages 153-4 in Professor Pattee's book, where John Burroughs's literary criticism is classed "with the sanest and most illuminating critical work in American literature," and he is saluted as the critical "voice of an era." Mr. Burroughs is an interesting man and a very pretty writer; but as the literary critic of a National Period, he impresses one as, well, not quite adequate; and his nomination for that post partakes of the prematurity which characterizes much of the literature of the epoch.

The outstanding critical error of what we persist in regarding as an era of literary colonization was the notion that the essential step towards Americanism is a break from the past, a repudiation of European traditions. The critical soundness of the earlier period was shown in its, on the whole, successful effort to appropriate the European heritage to American uses. Irving, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, took their places for good with their own day and race here; but from their previous intent contemplation of "dead poets, philosophs, priests, language-shapers on other shores" they acquired a certain artistic sobriety and maturity which kept them from wanton reversions to the primitive and barbaric, and enabled them to begin their work at a point which many of the later generation have not yet attained. A national literature cannot dispense with international and traditional culture. The ideal critic of the new epoch which we are assured is long overdue might be synthetized by uniting the special qualities of a group of our living writers: the rich literary experience of the nov-

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elist-critic A, the wide-ranging scholarship and philosophical gravity of B, the taste and poetic enthusiasm of C, the fine French technique of D, E's unfailing ability to reach his audience, and, withal, a good measure of Professor Pattee's relish for American life and letters.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

The Japanese Empire and Its Economic Conditions. By Joseph Dautremer, Lecturer at the School of Oriental Languages, Paris. Translated from the French. With a map and 20 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is one of a series of "authoritative books on the present economic and political position of the various countries of the world," coming fifth in the list. The writer was for many years attached to the French Embassy at Tokyo, and much of the material is at first hand. He came to know intimately the language and the people, at least in the capital and its surroundings; and his "L'Empire japonais et sa vie économique," published some six years ago, took a place at once as the best summary of the kind available for French readers. But, then, French literature in this field unfortunately has not been keeping pace with English or with German. The Alliance Française in the capital did nothing systematic in the matter of publishing studies such as were read monthly before the Anglo-American Asiatic Society of Japan, and later embodied in its Transactions, or before the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Natur und Völkerkunde Ostasiens, and published in its Mitteilungen.

At the beginning of the Meiji era, which lasted from 1868 to 1912, among the nations of the Occident represented in Japan, France stood at a distinct advantage in prestige. Had not the disastrous Franco-Prussian War within a few years transferred much of this prestige to Germany, modern Japan would have been largely modelled upon French ideals. Even her marine service, the Messageries Impériales, later Messageries Maritimes, with a line from Marseilles to Hongkong and Yokohama, was regarded as superior to the competing British line of steamers. In the literary world she had the same lead. The "Bibliographie Japonaise" of Léon Pagès, published in 1859, remains a valuable compendium, although superseded before the close of the century by Wenckstern's two volumes; and at that early period it was unique.

But this lead was rapidly surrendered. Although, as Mr. Dautremer remarks, in spite of the French disasters of 1870, it was to French officers that Japan turned to form her army, and "it may be said without boasting that France has created the Japanese army," yet the French commission ceased its labors in 1888, leaving a German mission to continue its work. The writer also deplores the fact that the French Messageries, which had formerly a handsome fleet of comfortable and well-kept boats, popular with foreigners, has now an inferior service, and "everything that has been lost by the Messageries has been secured by the North German Lloyd Company." In literature there is the same story to tell. Possibly Gonse's "L'Art Japonais," published in 1883, is the only book from a French source on Japan appearing in the Meiji era which would be sure of a place in an ordinary bibliography, although Appert, Arrivet, and others have published serviceable compendiums.

Mr. Dautremer's book cannot be regarded as a sign of better things. Translated from the French original of six years ago, it has not been brought up to date. Moreover, the original itself was lacking in many essential qualities. It reveals no personal acquaintance with outlying Japan, nor with changing conditions even close to the capital. For instance, among the "places to visit," the busy summer resort of Karuizawa, now familiar over the Far East, although unknown before 1887, is not mentioned; the list includes only the earlier Meiji favorites, which are no longer frequented as they used to be. His outline of the educational system is fragmentary and out of focus. It is evident that the author never visited the northern island of Yezo, or he could not have stated that Hakodate is "the extreme southerly point of the island" (p. 23) and "was the only port and station that the Japanese had in the island" (p. 153). In fact, Matsumae, which appears on his map, lying further south and closer to the main island, was the Daimyo's residence in feudal times, and a place of considerable size, far outclassing Hakodate. Its name was changed three decades ago to Fukuyama, and so it appears in Murray's and Terry's excellent guide-books. The 1891 edition of Murray's "Japan" is, indeed, more up to date than Mr. Dautremer's book, which seems to rely upon musty authorities. There is the same mustiness in his account of Formosa, where he states that "in 1661 the famous pirate Kochingo (Koxinga) seized it, and remained master of it till 1683." Now, this bold adventurer, born near Nagasaki of a Japanese mother—an important fact which Mr. Dautremer fails to mention—died in the year 1663. Again (p. 200) occurs the statement that "the Portuguese landed in 1580 and founded their settlement of Ki Long." But the Portuguese founded no settlement in Formosa, although it was a passing Portuguese mariner who in 1590 is credited with having given the island its beautiful name. The Spaniards from Manila occupied Kelung for some eighteen years in the second quarter of the seventeenth century.

The author, by the way, has not been careful to unify the spelling of these Oriental names. Later on "Ki Long" appears as "Kelung," the usual spelling. With Japanese words he follows, as a rule, the accepted Romaji transliteration, used by Arrivet in his Dictionnaire Français-Japonais, but we find *hibatchi* (*hibachi*) and *fouton* (*futon*); Chemulpo, the well-known port in Korea, appears as Tchemulpo, and Yedo as Jedo.

The translator and proof-reader have been careless or incapable. For instance, in the preliminary pages devoted to terms, *saki* (a cape) is given as café, and *toge* (a mountain pass) as peninsula. In the two opening sentences of chapter i occur three blunders: the "Portuguese Jesuits" are said to have "arrived in the Japanese Islands in the 10th century," and "in 1852 the United States enforced its demand for open doors." But the Jesuits, who arrived in the sixteenth century, were not Portuguese, and Perry signed his treaty in 1854. Oddities of idiom frequently make the sense doubtful. For instance, at the close of chapter xv, where the author is dealing with the present condition and probable future of French trade with Japan, we are told that "Japan is not one of France's clients, not even for luxuries, indisputably superior to all others; for it is poor, and when it wants a luxury it comes from Berlin at a more advantageous rate." And again: "The only French vessels which touch at Japanese ports are those of the Messageries Maritimes; the number of their entries and departures is naturally the same; here as elsewhere the insufficiency of the French navy (commercial marine) manifests itself. . . . On account of French maritime regulations obliging shipping companies to use maritime registers and to have a fixed number of (French) officers and French sailors, the freights are dearer on their vessels than on the others, and thus it is that in the whole of the East, in Japan as elsewhere, French productions arrive under the English flag of [from] London and under the German flag of [from] Antwerp." The bracketed words are ours; but the English of the whole passage requires revision. Some awkward attempts have been made to give the book an American setting (*vid.* pp. 76 and 311). As it stands, its merits are of little service to a public accustomed to a more thorough and finished presentation. Its chief interest lies in its French outlook.

There is a characteristic tone of disillusionment in Mr. Dautremer's description of Japanese life and surroundings. Far from possessing the charm and color of the native *kakemono* familiar to the traveller, "the aspect of every Japanese town," he declares, "is profoundly sad. Everything is gray. The low houses made of wood faded gray by time and faced [roofed] with black tiles succeed one another uninterruptedly; the people, both men and women, dressed in gray (only children and young girls are dressed in bright colors on fête days), all produce an impression from which gayety is wholly absent." Nor does he find in their polite and hospitable ways any indications of real friendliness. "They do not like us Europeans—indeed, they detest us—but they do not let this be apparent. What more can we demand? In this is to be found one of the great elements of the Japanese character: its dissimulation." He is evidently among those who believe that there exists an insuperable barrier between East and West.

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Academic Societies

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

The thirty-third annual meeting and the third union meeting of the Modern Language Association of America was held in Cleveland, December 28-30, under the auspices of Western Reserve University and Case School of Applied Science. The cordial welcome extended by President Thwing, of Western Reserve, and Prof. A. S. Wright, of Case School, was expressed in an unusually diversified and generous programme of entertainment.

The president's address on "Our Opportunity," delivered by Prof. J. B. Fletcher, of Columbia, was perhaps the most interesting event of the three days. The present opportunity of the American scholar, Mr. Fletcher believes, does not lie in taking advantage of an improbable cessation of productive scholarship abroad. Europe, though she is racked by war and death, will surely not yield to America the doubtful glory of being a one-eyed man in a company of the blind. Her intellectual life will inevitably be deepened by her vast struggle and her scholarship made more humane. The real opportunity for American scholarship at this moment is to reconcile estranged national comprehensions. Both sides in the conflict, for example, have found their ideals expressed in Goethe. Who shall decide the real bearing of his ideas if not the scholar? Yet to perform this service, the American student of literature must regard his problems with a more catholic understanding. He must make his investigations issue in truer interpretation. On the one hand, he must cease appearing as a mere maker of phrases, seeking to tickle the wits of his audience, presumably academic. On the other hand, he must avoid the more prevalent tendency to regard his problems as mere puzzles in the solution of which he has the interest only of a man at war with ennui. He ought, on the contrary, always to regard his subject in close relation to the life which it envisages. He has often failed to do this, because he has had knowledge of little but literature. Consequently he has developed his sense of literary fact at the expense of his sense of logic. He had rather be right than interesting. It is time now that he be both right and interesting.

This address was at once a commentary on the papers to follow, and, fortunately, a prophecy of the quality of many of them. Limited space permits mention of only a few of the most significant. In view of the extensive plans made in many places for observance of the approaching Shakespearean Tercentenary, the two papers dealing with Shakespeare attracted particular interest. Prof. H. M. Ayres, of Columbia, discussed the trustworthiness of our various sources of knowledge for Shakespeare's pronunciation. While admitting the uncertainty of the dramatist's position in certain questions of divided Elizabethan usage, Professor Ayres read a short passage illustrating the dramatist's probable pronunciation of a number of typical lines. Prof. Albert H. Tolman, of the University of Chicago, made it clear that Falstaff was intended to be no mere clown, an incidental fun-maker, but a structural necessity to the two parts of "Henry IV," the Chronicle History. Falstaff's impudent, circumstantial lying after the Gadshill robbery is the key, he believed, to the fat knight's influence upon Prince Hal. Instead of being in this scene the butt of a rough practical joke, as it was intended he should be, he grasps the situation at a glance and buries every one's memory of his cowardice in hilarious astonishment at his outrageous lies. He thus assumes on the instant his accustomed rôle of comic hero. It was mental nimbleness and impudent invention of this sort that made him a source of perennial amusement to Prince Hal. Shakespeare has thus provided an effective answer to the question: "How could as noble and patriotic a warrior King as Henry V ever have shown the low tastes and wild courses of life which the Chronicles all attributed to him?" The answer is Falstaff. As such he is an integral part of the play, a structural necessity.

Miss Lily B. Campbell, of the University of Wisconsin, in her paper "The Rise of a Theory of Stage Presentation in England during the Eighteenth Century," dealt with the changes in histrionic traditions primarily as they concerned the presentation of Shakespearean characters. She described first the revolt against the declamatory, artificial style of acting which prevailed up to 1741. This reaction became effective when Macklin appeared as Shylock and Garrick as Richard III, both in the same year. The extremely natural school which these actors established was in turn overthrown through the theory of Sir Joshua Reynolds and the practice of Mrs. Siddons. The style which they made popular was one of dignity and elevation, which, nevertheless, escaped the patent artificiality of the old romantic manner.

Of particular bibliographical interest were two able papers. Prof. Christian Gauss, of Princeton, discussed the provenance of an apparently unique copy of an edition of Rousseau's "Contrat Social," purporting to be published in America in 1775. The copy bears upon its title page *A Philadelphie / chez John Robert / Imprimeur du Congrès Général /* MDCC LXXV. If this inscription were authentic, it would make the influence of Rousseau's thought upon American political ideas, particularly upon the phraseology of the Declaration of Independence, seem more natural and easy than it has hitherto appeared. Professor Gauss showed, however, that beyond doubt the book was published in France with an idea of evading the censor, probably in 1778, just after Rousseau's tragic death. It was antedated to intrigue the officials into neglecting it and attributed to America because interest in the Colonies was at that time intense. As there seems to be but one copy of this edition extant, the enterprise of the publishers was apparently frustrated. The entire edition was probably confiscated. Dr. Carl F. Schreiber gave an admirable description of the treasures in the William A. Speck Collection of Goetheana recently acquired by Yale University. The owner for thirty-five years has been assembling books relating to Goethe at his residence at Haverstraw, N. Y. Two years ago the books were transferred to the Yale Library, where Mr. Speck acts as curator for his volumes. The collection is one of the best in the world, and in Faustiana, in particular, it is unrivalled. From the work of Johannes Tritemius, the Faust legend in cabalistic treatise, picture, and story is well-nigh complete. It possesses, moreover, one of the most complete collections of Faust translations not only into English, but also into all the tongues of Western Europe.

The fruitful subject of literary relations in their various forms received due attention. Prof. F. M. Warren, of Yale, showed that the setting of Guillaume de Lorris's "Roman de la Rose" was doubtless derived from a twelfth century Byzantine romance, "Hysmine and Hysminias." The action in this latter work is placed in an enclosure surrounded by a wall on which are various allegorical figures. Among them is the God of Love and his familiar accoutrements. Moreover, the lover's mistress in conversation uses the figure of a rose protected by a paling as a symbol of the virtuous lady. Later the lover has a vision of Eros and of his mistress bearing a rose to him. That is to say, all of the imagery which has long been regarded characteristic of the French poem appears in this late Greek romance. Prof. Arthur C. L. Brown, of Northwestern University, from a comparison of four manuscripts of the "Aunters of Arthur" indicated how a form of the romance might be recreated very similar to that of an archetype of the versions represented in the manuscripts. In the original form the stanzas of the romance were evidently linked by various forms of repetition of line and word. The four manuscripts supply links for all but two of the fifty-five stanzas, and so permit, except in these two cases, an approximate reconstruction of the form of the archetype.

There were, naturally, many papers dealing with questions of literary history. Dr. Percy W. Long, of Harvard, reconstructed the poet Spenser's early life, particularly his close association with Bishop Thomas Young and Edmund Grindal, successively Bishop of London, Archbishop of York, and Archbishop of Canterbury. Some of the material of "Mother Hubbard's Tale," he believes, may have been suggested by one of Bishop Young's Sermons, and the satire itself was written in defence of these prelates who were disciplined by Queen Elizabeth for supposed leniency towards the Puritans. Dr. Ernest P. Kuhl, of Dartmouth, maintained that the localizing of the Reeve's Tale in Cambridge, the Miller's Tale in Oxford, and the Somnour's Tale in the North Countree, is a reflection of particular contemporary interest in those parts of England. In 1392, for example, there were very definite reasons why every one should be interested in

A Mersshy Countree Called Holdernesse

in Yorkshire. Dr. Kuhl assumes that these tales were written at any rate shortly after the time when these places were particular centres of court interest. If this be correct, we can assign a fairly definite *terminus a quo* to the composition of these three parts of the Canterbury Tales. Prof. Hardin Craig, of Minnesota, through a study of the local and historical allusions in the three parts of Hudibras, was able to establish with some surety the date of composition of the three parts of the satire. Prof. Joseph Thomas, also of Minnesota, in a carefully documented study, exonerated Swift from the odium of having initiated the unpopular Stamp tax or of having obtained its final adoption. Prof. W. W. Comfort, of Cornell, traced the history of the romantic tradition of the siege of Paris by the Saracens—a tradition which persisted in literary form until the year 1815.

There were also many papers dealing with problems of literary interpretation and criticism. Prof. Ernst Feise, of Wisconsin, analyzed in detail the structure of Schiller's "Lied von der Glocke," to show the intimate connection between the metrical diversity of the poem and its intellectual and æsthetic content. Dr. Henry M. Dargan, of North Carolina, discussed the nature of Swift's irony. He believed it could be regarded as a "serious conduct of an absurd proposition," as a kind of dramatic impersonation, or as intentional am-

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biguity. Prof. B. Q. Morgan, of Wisconsin, himself a translator of some experience, showed that dialect literature could be effectively translated only by adopting as the medium an existing dialect similar in spirit and æsthetic connotation to the original.

The paper that commanded the largest audience and excited the greatest interest and applause was that of Prof. John A. Lomax on "Negro Spirituals." These are the religious songs of the negro as distinguished from their *reals* or secular songs. Mr. Lomax's collection of these spirituals is as large and authentic as his famous collection of cow-boy ballads. These he presented in his inimitable manner. The following two complete, remembered by chance, are characteristic of the whole collection:

Oh Hell is deep and Hell is wide,
And Hell ain't got no bottom beside.

The Devil's a-setting on a red-hot seat,
A-cooling of his head and a-warming of his feet.

Prof. J. Douglas Bruce, of the University of Tennessee, was elected president for the ensuing year, and Prof. W. G. Howard, of Harvard, secretary-treasurer. O. J. C., JR.

Notes

Among the publications for early spring announced by Henry Holt & Co. are the following: "Fulfillment," by Emma Wolf; "The Socialism of To-day," by various authors; "Delane of the Times," by Sir Edward Cook (in the Makers of the Nineteenth Century series); "Konversations und Lesebuch," by Edward Prokosch and C. M. Purin; "Commerce and Industry," by James Russell Smith.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for early publication: "Rich Man, Poor Man," by Maximilian Foster; "Through South America's Southlands," by J. A. Zahm; "The Real Story of the Whaler," by A. Hyatt Verrill; "France and the War," by James Mark Baldwin; "The Germans in Belgium," by L. H. Grondys; "War Letters from France," compiled by A. de Lapradelle.

The following volumes are on the list of George H. Doran Co. for January and February: "The Eternal Magdalene," by Robert H. McLaughlin; "The Pioneers," by Katharine Susannah Prichard; "Years of Plenty," by Ivor Brown; "The Gates of Wrath," by Arnold Bennett; "The Kennedy People," by W. Pett Ridge; "The Beloved Traitor," by Frank L. Packard; "Beggars on Horseback," by F. Pennyson Jesse; "The Immortal Gymnasts," by Marie Cher; "Gossamer," by George A. Birmingham; "The Oakleyites," by E. F. Benson; "What Germany Thinks," by Thomas F. A. Smith.

"The Alibi," by George Allan England, will be published by Small, Maynard & Co. on January 29. The same house announces February 19 as the date of publication of "The Golden Lamp," by Phoebe Gray; "The Bloom of Youth," by Dorothy Foster, and "The Accolade," by Ethel Sidgwick.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. announces for publication on January 29: "A Man's Reach," by Sally Nelson Robins, and "The Conquest," by Sidney L. Nyburg. Other forthcoming publications of this firm are "Nights: Rome, Venice in the Aesthetic Eighties; Paris, London in the Fighting Nineties," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "Behold the Woman," by Everett Harre, and "The Fundamentals of Military Service," by Capt. Lincoln C. Andrews.

The following announcements of publications in the early spring are made by Doubleday, Page & Co.: "Stamboul Nights," by H. G. Dwight; "The Vindication," by Harriet T. Comstock; "Her Husband's Purse," by Helen R. Martin; "The Hunted Woman," by James Oliver Curwood.

"Frightfulness in Theory and Practice as Compared with Franco-British War Usages," by Charles Andler, and "The War Manual" (Vol. I), by Lieut.-Col. C. C. Anderson, are announced by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

The following volumes will be published next month by Frederick A. Stokes Co.: "Drusilla with a Million," by Elizabeth Cooper; "Mrs. Belfame," by Gertrude Atherton; "Coats of Adventure," by Harold Bindloss; "The Mantle and Other Short Stories," by Nickolai Gogol; "Twenty-six Men and a Girl," by Maxim Gorky; "Collected Tales," by Barry Pain; "War in 1915, for Boys and Girls," by Elizabeth O'Neill; "What Every Business Woman Should Know," by Lillian G. Kearney.

The third and fourth volumes of Francis Arkwright's translation of The Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon, under the fanciful titles "When Madame de Maintenon Was Queen" and "War and Court Gossip" (Brentano's; $3 net each), maintain the high standard of excellence set by the first two instalments. In one respect, indeed, they are more readable than their predecessors, since, by the time we are half through the third volume, we have largely escaped from the Duke's rather wearisome descriptions of campaigns in which he took no part. As a serious historian he is absurd, and his accounts of military affairs are both tiresome and misleading, and often, apparently, dragged in as a means of venting his spleen on this commander or that. The Duke de Vendôme can do nothing right. He was tainted with bastardy, and Saint-Simon had bastardy on the brain. Villars fares equally badly, probably because he was made a peer in spite of the "unsuitability of such a reward for a man of his birth"—the sanctity of the peerage was another of Saint-Simon's obsessions. Louis XIV, on the other hand, held nothing sacred save the royal prerogatives—a diversity of view which caused the Memoirist much discomfort, and not infrequently threatened to get him into serious trouble. In matters relating to the life of Paris and the court he is a mine of curious information, and here his very prejudices often make his descriptions the more piquant.

A confirmed "laudator temporis acti," he looked back with regret to the days when French royalty consisted of the King, the Sons of France, the Grandsons of France, and the Princes of the Blood. So simple, and so eminently seemly. Then came the Bastards and spoiled everything, encroaching on the dignity of the Princes on the one side, and of the peers on the other. For the former Saint-Simon cared little, for the latter he cared a great deal; and when the Bastards were made Princes of the Blood, he hurried off to congratulate M. du Maine and the others, rejoicing that there was no longer an intermediate rank to cloud the position of the peerage. Who and why were Monseigneur, M. le Prince, Mademoiselle, *et al.*? How many of us know? And, perhaps, is it worth knowing? However, Saint-Simon tells us. When the Huguenots took up arms under the Prince de Condé, uncle of Henry IV, "he was the only member of the royal family in their ranks, and they were accustomed, when speaking of him, to call him simply M. le Prince. . . . This way of speaking of him became an established custom, so much so that, when he was killed at Jarnac, in 1569, it passed on to his son, although he was not chief of the party . . .," and so on, which clears up what has often been a stumbling-block to the layman. The anecdotes are numberless, and the more effective for being found in their proper setting. One *bon mot* we have heard ascribed to so many personages that we will quote it here in hopes that it may find a place in the next edition of "Bartlett." People were talking of the Chevalier de Soissons, who had just died. "He was extremely debauched and held many ecclesiastical benefices, and they were moralizing about him. The Maréchale de Melleraye listened for some time, and then remarked, with an air of profound conviction, 'Well, for my part, I feel sure that, in the case of a man of his birth, God will think twice before he puts him among the damned.'"

The little book on "The Magic of Experience," by H. Stanley Redgrove (Dutton; $1), is not likely to be accepted as "a contribution to the theory of knowledge" by any one not sympathetically predisposed towards Swedenborgian mysticism. But the book is delightfully written, in a style combining to a remarkable degree both grace and precision, and the writer is evidently at home in the world of ideas. In any case, he offers us an interesting presentation of the rationale of mysticism. Using Berkeleyan idealism as an analogical basis, he holds that mysticism, regarded as a form of knowledge, is a perception of empirical realities which, like color or sound, will be unintelligible to those who are without the proper receptive faculties. On the other hand, mysticism presupposes, like other forms of perception, a certain intellectual preparedness which we call "reason." Mysticism, in short, is as much a matter of reason or of experience, and as little a matter of emotion, as any other form of knowledge.

In "The Ways of Woman" (Macmillan; $1 net) Ida M. Tarbell has gathered together some half dozen short essays, published in the *Woman's Home Companion*, into a bright and invigorating little volume which will at least afford an hour's pleasant reading. With regard to the future of woman and of the family, Miss Tarbell is a determined optimist, holding that no change in economic conditions can overcome the natural demand of the human heart for its mate, its fireside, and a brood of its own. Using the last census as a basis, she undertakes to show that the family is as much of an institution as ever, that the number of young girls in shops and factories is greatly exaggerated, that this class of workers is distinctly transient, and that most of the women of marriageable age are married. Even the increase in the number of divorces she does not regard as ominous, considering the difficulties of married life. It is still true that

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no other human relation can show so large a statistical proof of success.

"Government and Politics of the German Empire," by Dr. Fritz-Konrad Krüger, inaugurates a new series of Government Handbooks, edited by Professors Barrows and Reed, of the University of California, and published by the World Book Co. ($1.20). Dr. Krüger writes primarily for college students, for beginners in the field of his subject, but all who desire an accurate, discriminating sketch of German political conditions may welcome his book. Dr. Krüger has a comprehensive outlook, and he states, for the most part uncritically, but clearly and concisely, the essential facts of the development of the Constitution, the Reichstag, the Bundesrat, the law-making process, the administration of the interior, the judicial system of the Empire, and the parliamentary history of Germany. Errors of statement are remarkably rare. It is only on his excursions into apologetics, as in his defence of the German military system, that Dr. Krüger may mislead the beginner. The beginner does not know that there is an obverse to the statement (p. 158) that "without this army [of the Great Elector and Frederick William I] Frederick II would have suffered defeat and diminution of territory." Without this army Frederick II would not have seized Silesia and thus brought upon himself the risk to which Dr. Krüger refers. We may also shake our heads over the sentence, "The time has passed when the Germans were nothing but a people of thinkers and poets," that is, when they could produce "nothing but" a Kant and a Goethe! Fortunately, however, such aberrations as these are infrequent. Numerous tables, a critical bibliography, and a detailed index add greatly to the usefulness of the book.

Mrs. Piper, the medium, comes again before us in Anthony J. Philpott's exhaustive account of "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner" (Boston: Luce). It was Mr. Philpotts who conducted this quest of eighteen years ago. He says in his introduction: "It was due to the enterprise of Gen. Charles H. Taylor of the Boston *Globe* that the mystery was cleared up. He felt that it should be cleared up, and he paid the bills." The fact seems to be that young Conner really did die in the American hospital in the city of Mexico. His father, W. H. H. Conner, assistant postmaster at Burlington, Vt., had, however, a vivid dream, "in which the son appeared and said he was not dead, but was alive and held a captive in Mexico." Dreams do not often command the attention that followed upon this one. The Society for Psychical Research became interested and Mrs. Piper was employed. She tested and supported the dream. The importance of this medium is succinctly indicated in the passage here which says: "Her mysterious powers while in the trance state had been investigated by such scientists as Professor Richet, of Paris, Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Crookes, Paul Bourget, and others, and she had baffled them all." Still it has never been proved that young Conner was not dead of typhoid fever at the time when the hospital authorities said he was. Mr. Philpott is satisfied that Mrs. Piper was a mind-reader and not otherwise a seer, and that in the matter of the dream she was all wrong. Perhaps to have baffled Paul Bourget was enough of glory.

Since the publication, two years ago, of his book on consciousness, Prof. Edwin B. Holt, of Harvard, appears to have got religion in the form of Freud; and in "The Freudian Wish and Its Place in Ethics" (Holt; $1.25 net), he now offers us a bright and entertaining little book, of which the style is somewhat overloaded with swagger, to explain, not only that Freud discovered the wish, but that he discovered at the same time the true basis of morality. Admiration for Freud seems to beget a curious forgetfulness. Mr. Holt, a pupil of William James, is evidently unaware that all the solid basis of the Freudian wish-psychology is to be found in the master's chapters on Instinct and Emotion, and that most of the details of conflict, suppression, reinforcement, and integration are to be found in Prof. Dewey's later elaborations; Freud's psychology is only a wish-psychology based upon the dubious ground of the abnormal. The same may be said of Mr. Holt's (not Freud's) ethical discovery. True morality, according to him, must be based upon an assured knowledge of facts. The child who is permitted to assure himself, by some sort of actual experience or by sources of information that he can trust (not quite the same thing), that fire will burn or that tobacco will stunt his growth, is a free agent who eschews evil for its own sake upon grounds truly moral; while the child who has been simply restrained by force or authority remains the victim of suppressed impulses which leave him weak and hesitating. Hence, the Holtian principle, discrimination is better than suppression. Truly it is; this is what all the self-realizationists, both in ethics and in education, have been saying for a generation past. We need not go to Freud to be assured of this.

More interesting, however, than Mr. Holt's ethics is his enlistment of Freud on behalf of his behaviorist psychology, by which he undertakes to prove that the introspective fact called consciousness is a myth. We all know that the Freudians are exceedingly shrewd fellows. Mr. Holt introduces one of them, who exclaims, "I beg your pardon, sir, but since you are not a Freudian, you are unwittingly making the most intimate revelations. I do not wish to be an eavesdropper, even in such a way." One may think that one has no wish to murder one's father, but any Freudian who has the opportunity to study one's conversation, especially if it contains the report of a dream, can settle that for himself. In Mr. Holt's hands the doctrine appears to have reached a point where one's own view of one's purpose has no significance whatever. Thus it seems (pp. 86ff.) that if you meet a friend in the railway station and desire to know whither he is travelling, the last person to ask is the friend himself. The thoughts behind his actions—if such are to be admitted—are, Mr. Holt tells us, probably irrelevant. The only way is to treat him as a drunken man, to examine his ticket, ransack his travelling bag, or perhaps have him shadowed by a private detective; then you will surely find out. All of this promises interesting possibilities. Doubtless the time is coming when, in response to a request for a ticket for Boston, the Freudian ticket-seller will reply. "Sir, since you are not a Freudian, I will tell you that, though you think you wish to go to Boston, you really wish to go to Washington; and here is your ticket." And to Washington you will go.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's gift for copious record, for effective selection of facts, separately trivial in aspect, but significant in the deftly gathered aggregate, should have served us better in his impressions of the western war front, French and Belgian. Possibly he should have trusted his retentive memory not to spoil the freshness of his last summer's sketches in Paris, Rheims, Arras, Ypres, in trenches, among ruins, at railheads. Rewritten, the descriptive articles collected in "Over There" (Doran; $1.25) might have gained by greater fulness without serious loss in spontaneity. They would certainly have been improved, had he been prompted to let his facts speak for themselves. The observer's record is too much interrupted by the partisan's tract; and this partisan, always sincerely bitter, is too often textually careless. His regret and indignation, for example, over the destruction worked by German bombardment will be acceptable to many readers who may yet be puzzled by his facile and contradictory imputation of motive. Take the case of Ypres, "entitled to rank as the very symbol of the German achievement in Belgium." The destruction of all that was beautiful there was, he says, the direct result of an order carefully weighed and considered. Yet the "psychology of the affair of Ypres" is explained by the enraged invaders' failure to dislodge the British line, from the "extreme irritation" of which check they turned to the "relief of smashing something." At Rheims, the interpretation becomes even more complicated. The damage was concentrated on the line of Notre Dame, yet the havoc in the adjoining quarter, wrought by the process of searching for the range, "accurately represents what the Germans came out of Germany into France deliberately to do." The method in this German madness appears when we learn that, though "shrapnel is futile against the body of the Cathedral," they omitted to "use high explosive here"; they preserved the target, as it were, for use "as a vent for their irritation . . . when things go wrong for them at other parts of the front."

If Mr. Bennett means that the "lunatic bullies of Potsdam" must be deemed to have intended the costly ill-temper of the "brigands" in the field, he breaks the force of his resentment by muddling his charges. He will not even allow the routine shelling of an exposed but unoccupied stretch of road, except as a "very stupid application of a scientific ideal." The artillery fire in this instance had been drawn by a motor arriving to carry his party and escort back from the trenches, and was successful in preventing their use of the road. Says the scornful correspondent, "While shelling it the Germans must have noticed that there was nothing at all on the road." The fact seems to be that the whole spectacle of the western armies at grips induces in Mr. Bennett some of the "extreme irritation" he so frequently attributes to the invaders. He turns to the relief of smashing war in general, German war in particular, an "obscene survival," a manifestation of "imbecile brutality." This contempt is faulted by an occasional glib touch. Into the party's desire to witness the firing of a 75 he reads the flippant suggestion "that it would be proper to kill a few Germans for our amusement." He would give a year's income to see Cologne in the ruined condition of Arras. Mr. Bennett has brought home again from the front rather too

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much of the animus of the stay-at-home and not so much as we might ask of the material he was sent out to report upon. Mr. Walter Hale's seven drawings of battered cathedrals and town halls set up a contrast in mood—sunny in tone, cool in statement, undisturbed in feeling.

Prof. William A. Dunning's volume, "The British Empire and the United States" (Scribner; $2), was prepared at the request of the international committee formed in 1914 to celebrate the hundred years of peace betwen Great Britain and the United States. To say that a book which, like this, undertakes to survey an extended historical period from a single, and somewhat popular, point of view, and which necessarily omits some hundreds of matters of first-rate importance in themselves, can hardly be more than a work of skilful summarization, is indeed to utter a commonplace of criticism; but in this instance, happily, the criticism is one of praise. Professor Dunning quotes few authorities, is sparing of statistics, and leaves the general narrative of American and English history to take care of itself; but the reader will indeed be uninformed who does not perceive, in these highly condensed but well-written pages, abundant evidence not only of sound knowledge, but also of that far rarer gift, historical insight.

We must pass over, with only commendatory allusion, the account of the more familiar episodes in which the relations between Great Britain and the United States during the last century have come into prominence. What particularly distinguishes Professor Dunning's work is, first, its exposition of the bearing of English political conditions upon the course of international disputes. The personal influence of Castlereagh and Canning, of Cobden, Peel, and Bright, of Russell and Salisbury, obvious enough to the student of English history, is here brought into its proper relation to the American situations with which those statesmen were called upon to deal. It is something more than an interesting coincidence, for example, that the reign of Victoria began in the year which saw the close of Jackson's Presidency, and that the sweeping course of English democracy, in the attainment of Catholic emancipation and free trade, should have coincided with the peaceful adjustment of such acute differences as Texas, California, and the northern boundaries presented. To the American in the street, English politics have as a rule been interesting only in proportion as they seemed to be hostile to American interests. It has been Professor Dunning's agreeable task to show how two contemporaneous streams of political ambition have made for peace. The second distinguishing feature of the volume is its treatment of American relations with Canada. The course of political development which produced, on the one hand, the rebellion of 1837, and, on the other, the British North America Act of thirty years later, is here exhibited in connection with the various international controversies which, throughout the second and third quarters of the century, repeatedly threatened to embroil the two countries in war. The slight attention thus far paid to Canadian history in this country makes this portion of Professor Dunning's book particularly informing.

Arnold Bennett Hall's "Outline of International Law" (La Salle Extension University, Chicago) is not an abridgment of the well-known treatise of W. E. Hall, although one who looked at the back of this little volume, where the surname only of the author appears, might be misled into thinking that it was. The book was "prepared as a part of a series of non-technical legal works solely for the general student and reader." Its author believes that the present world conflict has had the beneficent result of stimulating a wide study of international relations, and naturally takes advantage of it. He hopes that this elementary statement of legal principles involved in the conflict will prove helpful to those who are anxious to understand the problems which are daily arising. Doubtless many readers will find it useful. It does not attempt, however, to discuss current controversies, though its preface bears date of June, 1915. We have discovered no allusion to rules which should govern submarine or aeroplane warfare, or the treatment of non-combatant populations, or the imposition of indemnities upon invaded territories. The Appendices, it is true, contain much valuable information, including a classified bibliography of publications on international law, various Hague conventions, and a number of agreements relative to the establishment of international courts.

The twelfth annual meeting of the American Political Science Association was held at Washington, D. C., December 27 to December 31, inclusive. A number of the meetings were held jointly with other learned societies and with sub-sections of the Pan-American Scientific Congress in session at Washington at the same time. The meetings were devoted to the preservation of the national archives, standardization and governmental efficiency, administrative tribunals, international disputes of a justiciable nature, improvement in the technique of direct legislation, political scientists and practical governmental work, the amending procedure of the Federal Constitution, the growth of nationalism in the British Empire, and legislative drafting. The following officers were elected for the year 1916: President, Jesse Macy, Grinnell College; first vice-president, Charles A. Beard, Columbia University; second vice-president, J. W. Garner, University of Illinois; third vice-president, J. Q. Dealey, Brown University; secretary-treasurer, Chester Lloyd Jones, University of Wisconsin.

An illuminating and most valuable description of the southern frontiers of Austria, by Douglas W. Freshfield, who during the last fifty years has made a study of this region, is to be found in the *Geographical Journal* for December. It enables the reader to follow intelligently the accounts of the mountain warfare now progressing there. A series of maps shows the ethnographical and physical conditions, and the present and proposed frontiers. Among the other contents is a lecture by Capt. R. F. Scott, delivered while at winter quarters in the Antarctic, on the great ice barrier, which well illustrates his profound insight and interest in all the problems which were confronting him. The frontispiece of the number is a photograph of the remarkable statue of him recently erected in London, the work of Lady Scott and the gift of his fellow-officers in the Royal Navy. In the "Reclamation of a Desert" Godfrey Sykes describes the work which has been done in the Colorado desert.

Drama

THE STAGE IN LONDON—A YOUNG DRAMATIST KILLED IN BATTLE—SOME RECENT PRODUCTIONS.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, January 1.

I make no apology for speaking at some length and with some emotion of a recent performance at the Queen's Theatre, which has probably been but little noticed on your side of the water. Few of my readers, I dare say, know the name of Harold Chapin; yet it is one of which America may well be proud; for, though English bred, he was born in America, of American parents. The occasion to which I refer was a presentation of four of his one-act plays, given in honor of his memory. For he is dead: he fell in battle before Loos; and, with the single exception of Rupert Brooke, no English-speaking man of more unquestionable genius has been lost to the world in this world-frenzy. Chapin was more fortunate than Brooke, for he died in active and devoted service. Here is an extract from a letter written to his widow by one of his comrades:

> If I have the pleasure of seeing you again, when this ghastly business is over, I will tell you something about Chapin's fine work on the Saturday, collecting wounded in the wire before the first captured German trench. For many hours I was out there with him—heart-breaking conditions—twenty appeals for help where one could only help one, rain for hour after hour, and no little annoyance from cross-fire. One journey, three of us (your husband one) came in for a tempest of fire. Two of us lay low with the laden stretcher in the grass, while your husband volunteered to go ahead into the village to bring back the wheels by which we get stretchers along at a good pace over roads. Eventually the tempest ended, and the whole day ended without casualties for us. Before daybreak I joined a party that was going to Loos; and so began the fatal Sunday.
>
> He died no mean, casual death, but was shot down while actually on an errand of help, and after giving himself up for hour after hour to heavy and perilous toil for the wounded.

Can you wonder at the emotion with which I, who had watched Chapin and believed in him from the outset of his career, saw the four little plays which remain perhaps the best witness to the promise so sadly unfulfilled?

The outset of his career as a dramatist, I ought to have said. His career as an actor began when he was a child; for he came of a theatrical stock. As an actor, however, he made no great mark. Like Granville Barker, he was much more interested in producing plays—and in writing them. A queer semi-fantastic comedy, "The Marriage of Columbine," brought him into notice some five years ago. A good play it was not, yet it was full of unmistakable talent and originality. Several of its line

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were of that subtle quality which takes an appreciable time to get home to the apprehension of the audience, so that one can actually watch their effect kindling from row to row, as it were, through the house. But it was not like the play in "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" in which "il-y-avait un beau vers." It had vitality throughout, and was never commonplace, either in its merits or its defects. A year or two later Chapin got his one chance of a regular production at a West End theatre. "Art and Opportunity," a three-act play written for Miss Marie Tempest, did not show him at his best. It was brimful of cleverness; but in adapting the heroine's character to Miss Tempest's vivacious, showy talent, Chapin sacrificed some of his sincerity. He created for her a new type of adventuress who, from a sort of sporting instinct, makes a system of playing with her cards upon the table. Her half-real, half-affected candor is so successful that a hostile critic says of her: "Why, Henry, she's as transparent as a jelly-fish"; to which Henry replies: "Do you know why a jelly-fish is transparent? So as not to be seen too clearly." Not only wit, but real insight, went to the making of these lines.

His one-act plays, however, show his talent at its best, and were rightly chosen for the memorial performance. The first, entitled "It's the Poor that 'elps the Poor," is a low-life sketch of extraordinary poignancy. Ted Herberts has been sent to prison for assaulting the police. During his absence his child has died, and the curtain rises upon the funeral party of neighbors, returned from the cemetery. In clumsy and grotesque ways, they show their sympathy with the bereaved mother; but it is evident that in reality the funeral is an occasion of pleasurable excitement to them. Then the husband, released from prison before his time, bursts in upon the party. He has read the report of the inquest and has seen that the child practically died of starvation. To the consternation of the mourners, who are revelling in the consciousness of their own goodness of heart, he turns upon them and asks what the sympathy is worth which can "wake" a dead child, but cannot make the trifling sacrifices that would have kept it alive. They allege various excuses; it is evident that they have been thoughtless rather than actually callous; and at last the father's bitterness of spirit is swamped in a burst of natural, human grief. Though there is something of the French *comédie rosse* in the play, its humor is not in the least cruel. It leaves no bad taste behind it, but simply a poignant sense of the hard conditions of life for those on the margin of subsistence, and of the prevailing shiftlessness of the very poor.

Simpler and more delicate is the second little play, "The Dumb and the Blind." The avocations of Joe Henderson, bargeman, have been such as to permit of his spending only two nights a week in his domestic circle. But he now returns, accompanied by his pal, Bill, to announce to his wife, Liz, that he has been promoted to a post that will give him an additional ten shillings a week and enable him to come home every night. In an opening scene between Liz and her sharp daughter, Emmy, we have gained the impression that Mr. Henderson's household is more agreeable without his bodily presence; and this impression is confirmed when we find him treating his wife, not with actual brutality, but with captious and blustering harshness. At last he sends her out for the indispensable jug of beer, and sits gossiping with his crony. Impatient of her delay, he goes to the door and looks out, when it is evident that he sees something —we know not what—that somehow impresses him. He calls "Liz!" and she comes in rather guiltily, with the jug still empty. He asks Bill to fetch the beer, and meanwhile questions his wife. "Wot was you a-doin' of?" "Puttin' on me 'at." "No you wasn't. . . . I see you kneelin' wiv your head on the bed." With great reluctance she confesses that she was saying her prayers. "You don't 'ave to say yer prayers before fetching a drop of beer, do you?" No; but it just came over her, like, that she wanted to. Why? Because she felt grateful like—she wanted to sort o' thank Gawd. The domestic tyrant can scarcely believe his ears. He questions her closely to make sure that this is not merely a mechanical habit of hers, and gradually yields to the strange conviction that she is positively glad to have him at home for good. The realization induces in him a mood of such solemnity that when Bill returns with the beer Joe declines his share of it—a phenomenon which leaves Bill, in his turn, dumfounded. This rough summary does great injustice to a veritable masterpiece in its way—a thing Dickens would have delighted in. There is not a single false note in the little play: it is as restrained as it is touching. We feel that the dumb has spoken and the blind has seen; and we hope, without too much confidence, that a new era is dawning on the Henderson household.

The third play, "The Philosopher of Butterbiggens," was acted for the first time on any stage. It is in the Barrie vein, and yet is no mere echo of Barrie. Its delightful humor would lose too much in narration, so I shall not attempt it, but will only say that it is as good in its lighter way as "The Dumb and the Blind," and that the audience was charmed with it. A more commonplace comedietta, "Innocent and Annabel," brought the programme to a close. It was very amusing, but not markedly individual.

The general impression left by the performance was deep and memorable. It was no mere respectful solemnity: the audience vividly enjoyed every word of it. Something was due to the excellent acting; for many of our best artists had come forward to do honor to their lost comrade. But what one realizes most keenly in retrospect is the abounding vitality of Chapin's talent. There was not a moment when one did not feel one's self in touch with a living spirit, bounteously endowed with thought, observation, humor, craftsmanship. It filled one with a sort of dumb rage to think that such rare promise had been extinguished, on the threshold of fulfilment, by the brute hazard of the battlefield. It was a youth in his twenties who had done all this fine work—what might we not have expected from the ripened man? In Professor Gildersleeve's recently reprinted "Creed of the Old South" I find a line of Schiller exactly apt to the occasion:

> Ja, der Krieg verschlingt die Besten;

though one would be sorry to continue the quotation, and say:

> Denn Patroklus liegt begraben,
> Und Thersites kommt zurück.

This would be a gross injustice to thousands of men who are none the less brave for being fortunate. But, at any rate, Schiller gives no countenance to the notion that war subserves the survival of the fittest. If one could believe that the champions of that criminal fallacy would be exterminated, there would be some consolation even for a loss like that of Harold Chapin. But most of them, alas! keep snugly aloof from the firing-line.

"Quinneys'" has at last been succeeded at the Haymarket by another play by the same author, Mr. H. A. Vachell. "Who Is He?" is a four-act comedy, "freely adapted from a novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes." It is a very light, entirely agreeable piece of work, setting forth with no small ingenuity the adventures of an eccentric but amiable peer of the realm, who, wishing to withdraw for a certain season into middle-class obscurity, is mistaken for a notorious murderer and subjected to certain unpleasant inconveniences. Though it is a play of no importance, it confirms Mr. Vachell's position as one of the most adroit and workmanlike of our playwrights.

The great majority of the theatres are now given up to "revues" and Christmas entertainments, including several of the traditional pantomimes. Many of these shows are, I believe, doing "good business," and if some are not, it is rather to be attributed to the overstocking of the market than to the influence of the war. One could wish, indeed, that "war economy" were more in evidence in the world of entertainment. The only recent production of any literary interest is a version in rhymed couplets of "Les Femmes Savantes," by Messrs. Mesley Down and Henry Seton, which Miss Horniman has staged at the Duke of York's Theatre. It subjects Molière's text to a good deal of compression, but is otherwise a fairly faithful and spirited transcript. The rhymes, though not of pedantic accuracy, are not Cocknified or vulgar, and the production as a whole is the most serious and successful attempt within my recollection to bring Molière home to the British public. Shakespeare figures in the same bill at the Duke of York's Theatre, but is unfortunately represented by the least representative of his works—"The Comedy of Errors."

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THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

If New York had not been acquainted with the dancing of Pavlowa and her company, with the decorations of Joseph Urban, and with the riot of color in costumes designed by Melville Ellis, it is likely that M. Serge de Diaghileff's Russian Ballet would have created something like a sensation. It is possible that this company may prove highly satisfying as the performances at the Century Theatre proceed, and in any case it would be unfair to speak too critically on the basis of the dress rehearsal to which representatives of the press were admitted on Sunday evening. Evident nervousness, and indisposition on the part of one of the principals, prevented that free execution of figures and poses upon which a ballet must depend for any high degree of success.

Three little plays, or fantasies, were presented, in addition to the well-known "Scheherazade," with which the programme ended. Though there was, of course, more of variety, of gorgeousness, of subtle insinuation in the final number, "The Fire Bird" was in some respects the most unusual feature of the evening. It suggested the magic of Wagnerian table, and worked out a story which was straightforward in its symbolism, even if it dragged somewhat. A prince, while hunting, captures a bird of flaming plumage, which is so beautiful that he grants it liberty. In gratitude the bird enables him to forestall the magic of an ogre and to win the hand of a beautiful princess. Unfortunately, there was less of real dancing in this number than of skilful balancing and posturing. In only one portion, towards the end, of the little play, did the audience get the thrill of figures moving in a rhythm which was a perfect expression of the emotion depicted. Mlle. Xenia Maclezova, though possessed of beauty and grace, has not the airy lightsomeness of Pavlowa, nor does she execute her figures, especially her momentary poses, with Pavlowa's extraordinary discipline. She was seen in another number, "The Enchanted Princess," but owing to the indisposition of her partner, Adolph Bolm, had small opportunity to display her ability.

Drollery and a certain piquant rompishness characterized the performance of "The Midnight Sun," which exhibited a variety of peasant games in northern Russia. Here again dancing, as one usually conceives of it, was less in evidence than agility, though this might be justified by the nature of the subject.

In "Scheherazade," with which the programme closed, the bright setting of Oriental life, designed by Leon Bakst, the inspiriting music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the numerous dancers, well illustrated the power of such a company to represent the subtly shifting emotions which have heretofore been the province solely of music. Mme. Flore Revalles made a beautiful favorite in the harem, though dancing but little; and Adolph Bolm, in spite of his illness, showed much dramatic instinct and in this one number performed with amazing dexterity. F.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER."

"The Little Minister" was produced at the Empire Theatre last week as the second of Miss Maude Adams's revivals of plays by Sir James Barrie. It is eighteen years since this delightful little comedy was seen in New York, but it is as fresh and fragrant as ever. Indeed the long and muddy road that our dramatists have wandered since Barrie first adapted the play from his novel enhances the pleasure with which we return to this gracious bit of romance. The present production is well made and the play is capably presented, but something is lost through the inability of the players, with but a single exception, to give anything but a rather poor imitation of the Scotch accent: in Thrums, we fear, they would "no be verra weel compreehendit." The delicious scene in which the elders are puzzled over the Minister's effusion entitled "Her Boy Am I" cries aloud for the genuine Scotch tongue.

Miss Adams's performance of Lady Babbie is one that will satisfy her admirers, who ask only that Miss Adams, in whatever rôle she undertakes, be her own most charming self. The critical, while recognizing Miss Adams's charm, will, nevertheless, continue to wish that she would at times divest herself of her mannerisms. There is often an irritating impression of a composite portrait in which the features of a charming young woman are overlaid by those of Peter Pan. That boyish toss of the head, the throaty little gurgles, which are exactly right in Peter Pan, fit Lady Babbie scarcely more happily than they fitted Chanticleer. In regard to the production as a whole, a point worth making is that justice would only be done to "The Little Minister" if there were in the cast two stars of equal magnitude, for the part of Gavin Dishart (in the present production capably played by Dallas Anderson) is just as important and furnishes as much opportunity, if it were used, as that of Lady Babbie. But we have no desire to appear hypercritical, for Miss Adams, her management, and all concerned deserve cordial thanks for bringing this wholesome breath of fresh air into a theatrical atmosphere of which wholesomeness is not the most conspicuous characteristic. In making acknowledgment to the excellent cast we must mention, in particular, J. M. McFarlane's capital performance of Bob Dow. S. W.

THE REVIVAL OF "DAVID GARRICK."

New York is especially privileged this winter in having Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Grace George in répertoire. If Mr. Sothern's company were only the equal of Miss George's, the privilege would be rare indeed. At no time this season has Mr. Sothern appeared so handicapped as in the third selection, the revival of "David Garrick." The piece is, of course, not great, but when produced by a company well picked it has sufficient flourish and gesture to make it a most pleasing entertainment. Mr. Sothern, apparently appreciating the lack of spirit in most of his company, seems to try to carry it off by the kind of rollicking which easily degenerates into mere boisterousness. He had plenty of energy, but not his customary variety and finish.

One might have expected to see at least Smith, Brown, and Jones and their wives well given, as they are merely types drawn with the sort of exaggeration which is usually not difficult to manage. The present representatives of these characters read their lines presentably, yet in the moments when they were not speaking seemed stiff and wooden. Charles Verner, as Simon Ingot, had the right presence and improved as the play proceeded, though he, too, was ill at ease at such times as those when his nephew held the attention; even then his station, as head of the house, should have insured to him a commanding position on the stage.

Any estimate of the work of Alexandra Carlisle as the heroine, Ada Ingot, will naturally depend upon how one conceives of this rôle. It might be slightly modernized without giving offence. Miss Carlisle evidently chose to enact the tender, modest, but to a certain extent self-reliant, maiden of the author's depicting. For representing the first two qualities she showed fair capacity, even though lacking the grace of movement which might have been expected. Her entreaties to her father were particularly devoid of any supple charm; she was merely the helpless, gentle creature which a loving if irate father cannot resist. But the third quality received scant attention from Miss Carlisle. Ada, by any reading, is not quite a Rosalind, yet her determination to thrust aside her modesty to the extent of going alone to her lover's rooms, presupposes something of Rosalind's enterprise; in this adventure Miss Carlisle entirely failed to put spirit into her part. Orlando Daly gave a fairly competent exhibition of Squire Chivy. F.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS.

From a full programme of foreign plays translated and freely adapted, the Washington Square Players turn to one that contains two playlets and one pantomime of native manufacture, with a third playlet from a comedy of Wedekind's. The plays are perhaps more deftly staged and acted than those that preceded them, but they are not of such consistently high literary and dramatic quality. The first, Lewis Beach's "The Clod," presents a little melodrama of the border during the Civil War in a manner distinctly overstrained. The scene is a farmhouse, where a Yankee dispatch bearer secretes himself in the home of a sleeping farmer and his wife. The old couple are roused from their beds by two Rebel searchers, and on threat of death forced to help in the hunt for the dispatch bearer. The woman has no sympathy with either side, and submits to the insults of the Rebels with bad grace. Finally, addressed by a particularly offensive epithet, she snatches a gun from the wall and kills them both. Had this character been drawn in a more convincing manner, the play would have had genuine dramatic force. Philip Moeller's "The Roadhouse in Arden" is a whimsicality that is at times fanciful and pretty, and always clever, though we may quarrel with its fundamental conception—William Shakespeare in pursuit of Miss Immortality. Following her, William meets Francis Bacon unawares at a country inn, and a colloquy ensues in which epigram and apt quotation furnish a good deal of amusement. Wedekind's highly ironic comedy, "The Tenor," presents an opera star who is devoted to his art and naturally eager to avoid a galaxy of women who, love-stricken, dog his footsteps. One by one he shakes off a half-dozen who bar his way to the Brussels train, only to have the last, at the moment she is apparently resigned to being abandoned, kill herself. As no policeman appears to prevent him by physical restraint from catching that train and keeping his engagement, he makes a sprint for it! "The Red Cloak," by Josephine Meyer and Lawrence Langner, is a marionette pantomime of Italian life, charmingly staged. A. N.

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Art

THE METROPOLITAN BRONZES.

Metropolitan Museum of Art: Greek, Etruscan, and Roman Bronzes. By Gisela M. A. Richter. New York: The Metropolitan Museum.

The remarkable growth of the Metropolitan Museum is constantly impressed upon us. Almost every year it is the recipient of some notable collection which brings it prominently into public notice. The less spectacular, but steady increase in the number of its possessions is well shown by Miss Richter's catalogue of the ancient bronzes. Even those who are familiar with the Museum and have followed the brief accounts of recent accessions published in its Bulletin can hardly have realized the importance of this collection. Nearly a thousand separate objects are listed, ranging all the way from statues larger than life-size to needles and pins; and the frequent gaps which have been left in the numbering of the pieces suggest that further acquisitions are confidently expected.

In a book of this sort, one looks primarily for an accurate description of every object, with an indication of its provenance and history, so far as these are known, and with bibliographical references to previous discussions or notices and to similar objects in other collections. All this Miss Richter gives us, and more. The history of the collection and the general principles of classification adopted are discussed in a Preface. A brief but adequate Introduction is devoted to a consideration of matters of general interest—the characteristics of Greek bronzes, the bronze age, the alloying of bronze, technical processes of bronze-working in antiquity, patina, and the "bronze disease." In the last section, the "cure" devised by M. André, of Paris, and successfully used for several years in the Museum is described in some detail, with a very proper acknowledgment of the rare generosity of M. André, who "prefers to make [his process] known, 'so that he may help in the conservation of the masterpieces of ancient art,' rather than to keep it as a trade secret." A well-chosen and clearly arranged Selected Bibliography follows the Introduction; and in the body of the catalogue, especially in the portion which is devoted to Implements and Utensils, almost every category is preceded by a brief general statement of the uses of the group under discussion, with helpful references to important books and articles, so that the volume serves not only as a catalogue of this particular collection, but also as an introduction to the study of ancient bronzes in general.

No one who has not undertaken work of this sort realizes the amount of careful observation and research that is necessary to produce a satisfactory result. In this respect Miss Richter's work is deserving of the highest praise. She has obviously studied the bronzes in her charge with care and has a thorough knowledge of the modern literature on ancient art and archæology. Occasionally, haste or a very natural desire for conciseness has led her to write rather harsh, if not impossible, English sentences (the most objectionable example occurs on page 78, "The attitude of each is similar but reversed"); and several slips in the accentuation of Greek words are disturbing. But, on the whole, there are comparatively few evidences of carelessness either in writing or in proof-reading. The final impression which one carries away from a perusal of the book is that the writer possesses wide knowledge and sound scholarship.

The make-up of the volume is admirable. With its wide margins, large, clear type, and marginal notes, it is a model of good printing. The very full illustration—there are excellent reproductions of almost every object—must have been expensive, but is highly desirable in a work of this character. The book will do much to refute a charge that has too frequently been made by European *savants*, namely, that American museums do not publish their treasures adequately, so as to make them available for the studies of foreign scholars. May it serve as an inspiration to the authorities of other museums in the United States.

The John Lane Company has gathered into a volume sixty-five plates of English domestic architecture which have from time to time appeared in the *International Studio*, with an accompanying essay on "Old English Mansions," by Alfred Yockney. The plates are reproductions of old-time lithographs by C. J. Richardson, J. D. Harding, John Nash, T. Allom, Hulme, and others. It must be confessed that the reproductions have suffered in many cases from the reduction from the original dimensions. They are mostly picturesque views, of a sort that has lost its chief value with the development of photography. To the architect the most interesting are the four outline elevations of interiors by Henry Shaw, unfortunately unaccompanied by scales or dimension-figures. The text is a chatty essay on the artists represented and the buildings shown. The book, which is handsomely printed ($3 net), is obviously intended for the general reader and the amateur rather than for the professional architect.

Finance

THE QUESTION OF "INFLATION."

Next to the question as to what shape European competition will assume at the end of the war, the query most frequently heard at the New Year's opening, from people who look with doubt on the present financial situation, is whether this country is not living in a period of inflation. The inquiry is usually vague. It was not put very clearly, even in Judge Gary's remark that "there is great expansion; I fear there is great inflation." To the average man, inflation means expansion of the paper currency, out of proportion to the legitimate requirements of finance and trade, whether with or without depreciation.

Speeches were made in Congress, when the new Federal Reserve bill was under discussion, predicting inflation of the currency as a result of the law's provisions for issuing notes on commercial assets. As a matter of fact, the supply of Federal Reserve notes did increase $196,900,000 during 1915, but this was far more than offset, so far as bank issues were concerned, by a decrease of $263,400,000 in national bank notes—chiefly due to retirement of the "emergency currency" of 1914. The total banknote issues of all sorts are now, therefore, $66,500,000 less than a year ago—which hardly means paper inflation during 1915.

Still, the present total of bank notes and Federal Reserve notes is $224,000,000 greater than on August 1, 1914. That increase is almost exactly the sum of Reserve notes now in existence under the new law. Is not this, then, the predicted inflation of a credit currency? The answer is, that it is nothing of the kind. Out of the $214,125,000 notes of the Federal Reserve Banks in existence January 1, only $16,675,000 were notes secured in the expected manner by commercial paper. The rest were secured, dollar for dollar, by deposit of lawful money with the Government, at least $140,000,000 of this deposit, and probably nearly all of it, being gold. But those notes would not differ at all in character from the gold certificates issued by the Treasury. Nothing could be further from "paper inflation."

It is true, however, that the total money supply of the United States increased enormously during 1915. The Treasury estimated it at $3,972,373,000 on January 1, 1915, and at $4,401,988,000 at the beginning of this month. If the totals are even approximately accurate, this would be a 10 per cent. expansion, and in any case the $429,000,000 increase for last year is an established fact. Is not this, then, our "inflation"? A little further examination of the figures will throw some light upon that question. As against the $429,000,000 increase in all kinds of currency combined, the increase in gold alone, during 1915, was $496,000,000. That is to say, our total money supply would now be $67,000,000 smaller than in January, 1915, had our stock of gold remained the same. Every one knows why the gold increased so enormously. The total gold production in the United States last year, according to the recent Mint estimate, was $98,891,000. The net import of gold from abroad exceeded $400,000,000.

Therefore, if by "inflation" we mean that increase in the country's stock of money has created an artificial and precarious situation, whether in finance or industry, we must mean gold, and nothing else. It has not been usual, in past years, for markets to talk of large importation or production of gold as inflation. It is true, however, that banking interests, at the time when the

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flow of gold from Europe to our markets became abnormally large last summer, began to talk of a dangerous incitement to speculation. In the full year 1915, the New York banks increased their loans nearly a thousand million dollars, yet their reserve above the required proportion to deposits increased more than $30,000,000. The much larger reserve which made this result possible was partly due to increased credits with the Federal Reserve Bank, which are counted as reserves under the new law, but much more to the accumulation of imported gold in the banks' own vaults.

Does this, then, or does it not, realize the "great inflation" of which Judge Gary expressed his apprehension? It is a curious question. Large imports of gold from abroad into a prosperous country always increase bank reserves and permit of rapid loan expansion; yet we do not describe the process as inflation. That, no doubt, is because such imports are usually caused (as in 1879 and 1897 and 1900) by the simple fact of legitimately expanding trade activity in that country, which had called for larger use of credit and larger gold reserves. To what extent that is the nature of the inflow of gold to the United States in 1915, any one may judge for himself. Most people would say that the gold came for other reasons than the needs of reviving business.

On the other hand, increased supplies of gold certainly stimulate financial activity to the extent of facilitating credit. There are economists of high standing who ascribe the "trade boom" of the world at large, after 1898, to the unprecedented increase in the world's annual gold production and the consequent increase of reserves at all of the world's great banks. This might be called inflation, but it is not the kind of inflation which comes from an over-supply of paper money. In our own present case, the questions of real uncertainty are, first, how far business will be expanded by such conditions when it would not have revived without them, and, next, how long we shall retain these abnormal additions to our stock of gold.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Noble, E. The Bottle-Fillers. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Flaccus, L. W. Artists and Thinkers. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Schroeder, T. Free Speech for Radicals. Enlarged edition. Riverside, Conn.: Hillacre Bookhouse. $1.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Wallis, L. The Struggle for Justice. University of Chicago Press. 25 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bristol, L. M. Social Adaptation. Harvard University Press.
Hunting, C. C. A History of Banking and Currency in Ohio Before the Civil War. Columbus, Ohio: The F. J. Heer Printing Co.
Report of the Librarian of Congress and of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Robinson, C. M. City Planning. Putnam. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bolton, H. E. Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century. University of California Press.
Chalmers, S. The Beloved Physician, Edward Livingston Trudeau. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Chester, C. L'Angleterre et la Guerre. Paris, France: Henri Didier.
Enock, C. R. The Tropics. Scribner.
Gray, H. L. English Field Systems. Harvard University Press.
Methley, V. Camille Desmoulins. Dutton. $5 net.
Ryan, N. My Years at the Austrian Court. Lane. $3 net.
Wise, J. C. Empire and Armament. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Woodhull, M. van S. West Point in Our Next War. Putnam. $1.25 net.

POETRY.

Lanyon, H. Fairy-Led. Belfast: W. & G. Baird, Ltd.
Rice, C. Y. Earth and New Earth. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Hunsaker, J. C., and Others. Reports on Wind Tunnel Experiments in Aerodynamics. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
McIndoo, N. E. The Sense Organs on the Mouthparts of the Honey Bee. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Muckey, F. S. The Natural Method of Voice Production. Scribner.
The Masterpieces of Modern Drama: English and American Plays. Foreign Plays. Edited by J. A. Pierce. Under supervision of Brander Matthews. Doubleday, Page. $2 net each.

ART.

Tredwell, W. R. Chinese Art Motives Interpreted. Putnam. $1.75 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Ernst, O. Asmus Sempers Jugendland. Edited by C. Osthaus. Heath. 60 cents.

The *Nation* published on the 6th of January a four-page announcement of the sale by Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, of the new Encyclopædia Britannica in a "Handy Volume" issue at a popular price.

This issue in smaller volumes and at a much lower price contains everything in the Cambridge issue—text, maps, illustrations, etc., complete. The page is smaller and the print also, but the page is clear and the impression on the India paper remarkably good.

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STAUNTON (VA.) DAILY NEWS.
BERKELEY (CAL.) DAILY GAZETTE.
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